¶ The above is a reproduction of the main support our staff has had in making this, the first "Benedictus." If you were in our shoes you could better appreciate the product of our labor, and would do all in your power to aid the "Benedictus" staff of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen.

"The 1914 Benedictus"

"Benedictus"—Published by the Senior Class of Garfield High School; Printed by the T. R. Woodburn Printing Company, Terre Haute; Engravings by the Stafford Engraving Company, Indianapolis.

GO T. W. RECORDS, principal of Garfield High School, we the Class of 1914, dedicate our "Benedictus." Mr. Records has always been a strong advocate of school "industries."

BENEDICTUS STAFF

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Amine Brauns, Assistant Editor
Maurice Ransford, Assistant Editor
Pauline Adolfs, Assistant Editor
Chester Chapman, Assistant Editor
Evelyn Davis, Assistant Editor
Andrew Yatsko, Business Manager
Leroy Allen, Assistant Business Manager
Frazier Payton, Assistant Business Manager
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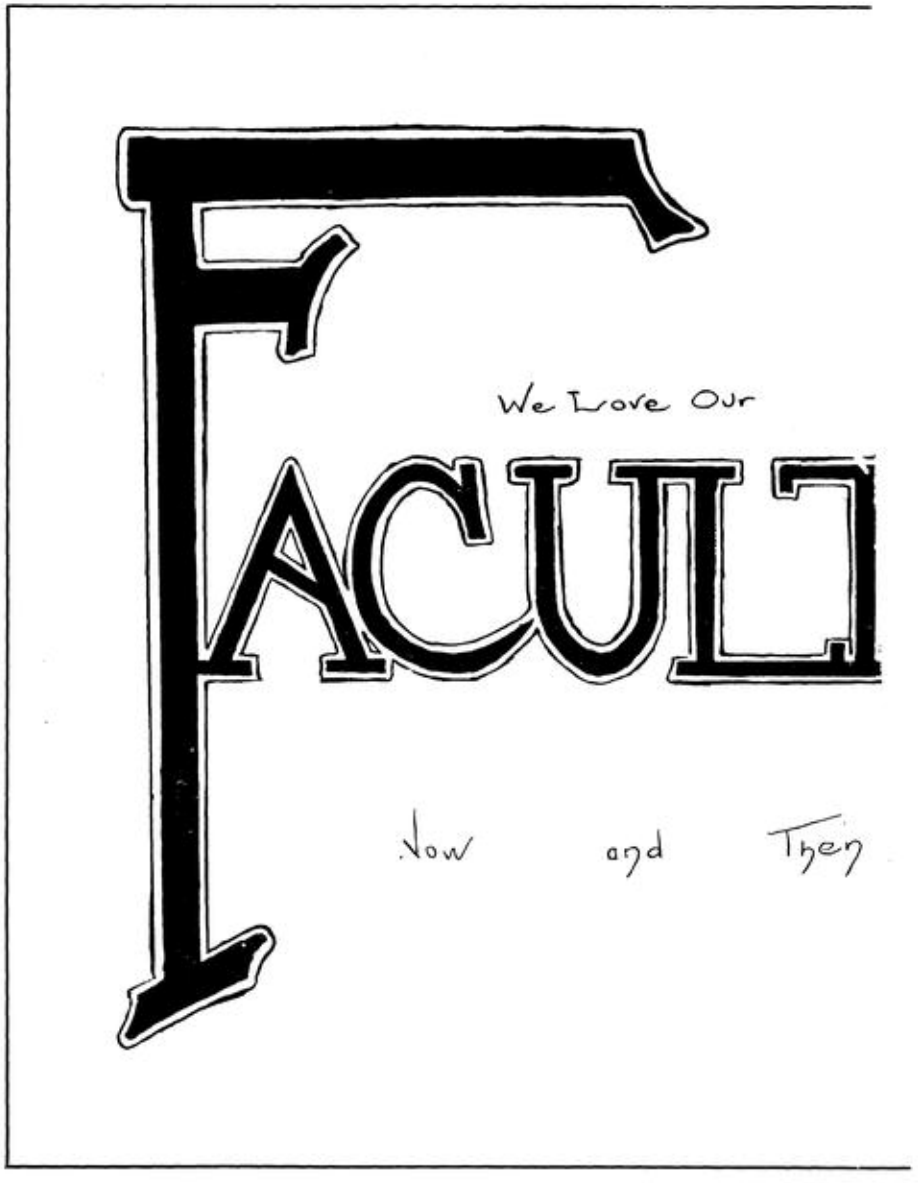
We Love Our
FACULTY
Now and Then

CORADEL WADE

ANCHE HANLEY

L. V. BRINTON

MARY S. HILL

ISABEL OAKEY

EVA RUMBLEY

MARGARET LAHEY

SARAH GOLDMAN

S. R. POWERS

C. L. FIDLAR

J. E. EWERS

NELLIE SHAVER

H. L. STARKEY

LOUISE LAMMERS

RUBY FUHR

ADELE SCHWEDES

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MINNIE LAMMERS

HARRIET BADER

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Ruby Fuhr, I. S. N. S.; studied in Germany.

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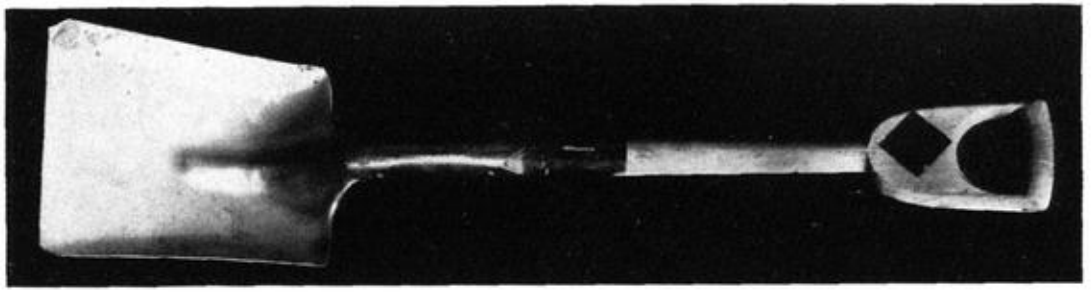
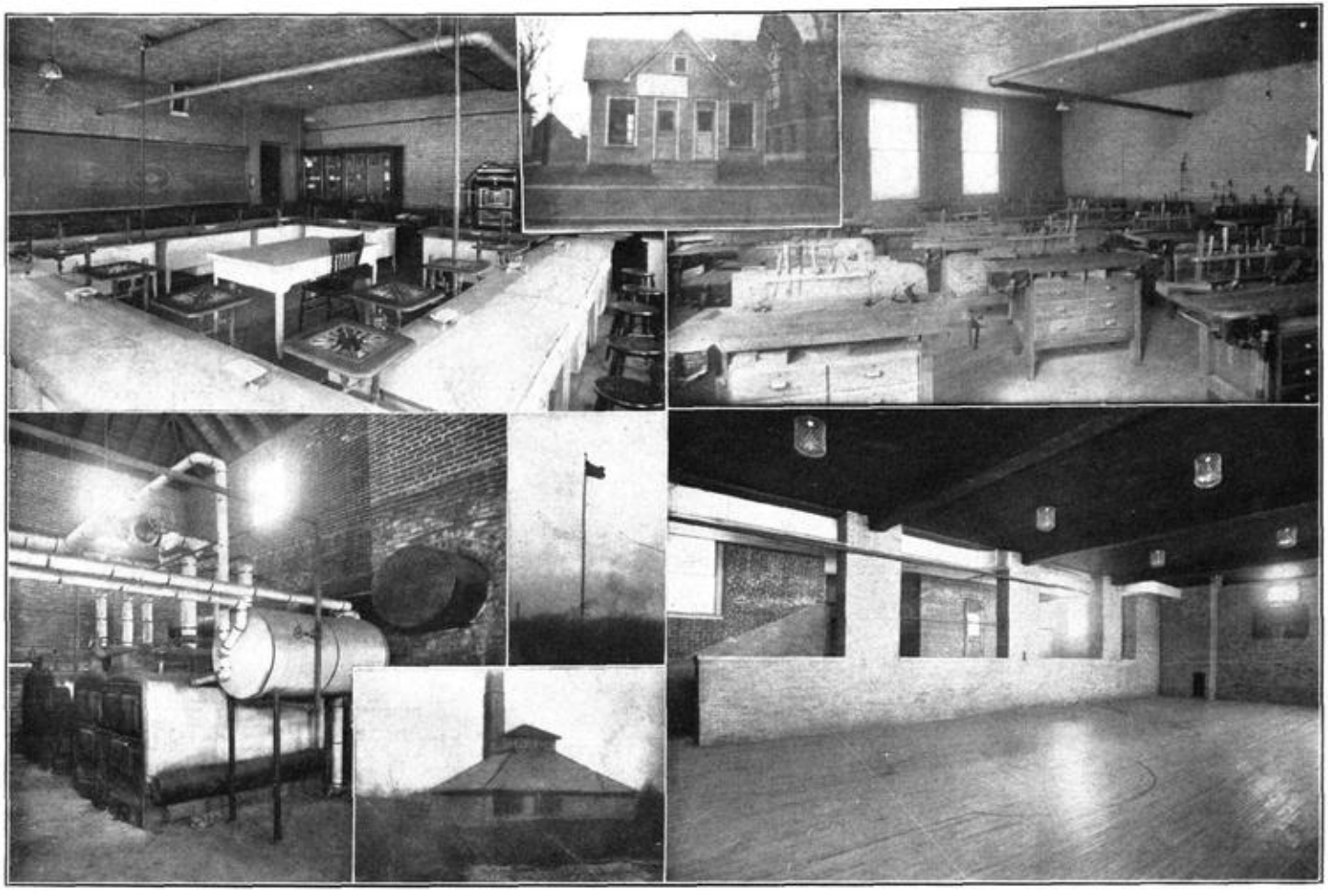
Rose Griffith, drawing, I. S. N. S.

Patia Havens, registrar, Forest Park University.

Herman H. Starkey, commercial I. S. N. S., Brown's Business College.



THIS is the shovel that turned the first dirt for the foundation of Garfield High School, on April 10, 1910.



GARFIELD'S FUTURE FACULTY

Herschel Hylton

Ernest A. Ewers

Philip N. Powers

Herbert Hylton

Russel Records

Karol R. Powers Merrill E. Powers

Wm "Billie" Records

SENIOR

1914

RALPH AUSTIN
"R. V. A."

President Sophomore, Junior, Senior years; Benedictus staff; debating society; butler in "The College Ball"; A. C. L. member; '13 commencement quartet. "R. V. A." is a famous Latin shark. He has shown great activity in the '14 class since the freshman year.

ELVADA TESSMAN.
"VADA."

Vice-President Senior; orchestra; pianist for chorus in Junior year; "Dutch" chorus. "Vada" is one of our two girls who can fully appreciate the value of the cook stove.

BONNIE BRYANT.

Secretary Senior year; usher for "The College Ball." Bonnie is a very modest little girl. Above all things she loves the following:

"My Bonnie lies over the ocean."

JOHN WARD.

Treasurer Senior year. A. C. L. member; debating society; manual training expert, son of a carpenter. John is a fancy dancer. The girls sure do love that curly hair.

PAULINE ADOLFS
"OSCAR"

Benedictus staff, chorus star, champ ticket seller for "The College Ball." "Oscar stood on the burning deck eating peanuts by the peck. Her father called; she would not go, because she loved the peanuts so.."

LEROY ALLEN
"LE"

Benedictus staff, Review staff, basketball '12-'13, captain basketball '13-'14, Dick Adams in "The College Ball," Board of Control G. H.S.A.A. "Le" left little Normal after two years to come to big Garfield, where he could procure a genuine education.

BERTHA BAUMGARTNER

Bertha has been a quiet member of our class for the past four years. She is one of the traction company's best patrons. "Bertha, sie spechen zu laut."

BERNA BOWERS
"BERNIE"

Berna came to us for the Senior year. "Candy kid at the Greeks." He is very antagonistic. Franklin College will boast of him next year.

PAULINE BELL

Pauline came to us from the city of the big hill, spending only her Senior year with us. "I'm going to build a mansion down at Newport."

AMINE BRAUNS
"AMY BROWN"

Benedictus staff, Review staff, Aunt Eleanor in "The College Ball," president of F.A.D. Club, suffragist, basketball '12-'13. "Amy" is the other cook stove advocate.

RALPH BUCK
"IKY" "JEW"

Orchestra, captain football '12, football '13, basketball '12-'13 and '13-'14, second lieutenant on drill team. "Bucky the artful dodger."

VERNA BROTHERS

Verna came all the way from "The Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia" to get to attend G. H. S. during her senior year. "The answer in the book is wrong."

CHESTER CHAPMAN. "CHIC."

Benedictus staff, usher at "The College Ball," class basketball '11-'12. Chic is almost a regular pharmacist. "Small but mighty."

EDITH COOMBS

This serene little maiden has passed four years with us without making a noise. She is a prospective stenographer.

FREDERICK COOPER. "TED."

Debating society, A. C. L. member, "Dutch" chorus, popular among the teachers, stage hand for "The College Ball." Ted is a firm believer in Santa Claus.

EVELYN DAVIS "EGLANTINE"

Benedictus staff, class secretary in Junior year, basketball '12-'13. Evelyn took domestic science last year and now she is stocking up her own clothes.

RAY DECKER "DECK"

Stage hand at "The College Ball," A. C. L. member. Deck stands at the head of his Dutch class. He stops, looks, and listens at all railroad crossings.

DAISY DOWELL

Daisy has prepared herself for a kitchen mechanic. If she has no opportunity to shine there she is also prepared to manipulate the typewriter.

KRIEG FAILING "KREEG"

One-half of a famous case, laboratory assistant in physics, stage hand at "The College Ball." Krieg has a very peaceful disposition.

EVA GILLESPIE "EVE"

Eva has a peculiar liking for curly hair. She is fond of the country, so intends to have a home there.

MILO FORTUNE "MIKE"

Track '13, football '13, muskrat trapper, mathematical freak. Milo is "famous for his two-yard drop kick and eternal pluck.

EILEEN HOLLER "FUZZY"

Eileen started out with the '15 class but worked up to the present Senior class just to get in the good crowd. Fuzzy is s-u-m dancer.

GEORGE FARMER

Football '12, football '13, "Dutch" chorus, Geo. Ropes in "The College Ball," another good patron of the traction company. This little "steam engine" intends to enter Purdue.

FREEDA JEFFERS. "FRITZ".

Freeda is a hard worker and a loyal Garfield booster. She is not very noisy but very sweet. Fritz expects to be a school teacher herself some day.

HERMAN FREY
"PAT"

Football '12, football '13, captain basketball '12-'13, basketball '13-'14, track '13, Tom Bradford in "The College Ball," president of G. H. S. A. A. '12-'13, '13-'14; '13 commencement quartet, Miss Bader's pet.

ETHEL KISNER
"ELVIRA"

The other half of the famous case mentioned before, basketball '12-'13, usher at "The College Ball." Ethel is very plain-spoken and fearless. She will make a good constitutional lawyer some day.

LEONARD HASBROUCK. "LON."

Usher at "The College Ball," A. C. L. member. Lon made his debut into school society at the Senior farewell party to the January graduates. Ask Leonard what restaurant seats in Evansville are worth.

ELMA KNAPP
"ELMIE"

Elma came to us, in the beginning of the Junior year, from Anderson. Her dignity becomes her. To her intimate friends she is a "jolly good fellow."

HARRY HEATH

Usher at "The College Ball," collector of chamois skins, powder rags, and vanity boxes. Mr. Ewers and Harry have a bad case.

MARGARET McCORMICK. "PEG."

Usher at "The College Ball," secretary and treasurer of F. A. D. Club. Peg brings up the rear in all botany excursions. She is a great admirer of Wiley students.

DUDLEY KALEN "UNCLE"

Football '12, basketball '12-'13, football '13. Dud runs like a plow horse. He is very fond of cat's hair. Some one has noticed that "Uncle" has a striking resemblance to Cupid.

ELSIE OSTING "PEGGY"

Elsie came from Greensburg to us in our Senior year. The class is proud to number her among its members. Elsie wastes no time in the study room.

GEORGE MARK "GERANIUM"

Track '13, A. C. L. member. George showed his feline pugilism in room 16. He is monopolizing the commercial department.

HELEN NEHF "NEHFIE"

Basketball '12-'13, basketball '13 - '14, Sally Prentiss in "The College Ball," vice president of class '11-'12, Board of Control G. H. S. A. A. Nehffie is full of life and vivacity.

CHAUNCEY McKEE "SAM LONGBOAT"

Basketball '12-'13, track '13, basketball '13-'14. Sam is a long distance walker. Owing to his unobtrusiveness he appears almost bashful, but when it comes to boatrides —izzie.

MABEL OWENS

Mabel is Starkey's star. She is quite timid and overly modest. The Orpheum Theatre attracts her quite frequently. A megaphone would be of some assistance in recitation.

JOHN ORTH

John is another one of the traction company's strike breakers, stage hand in "The College Ball." After graduating from Purdue he intends to establish a home on the farm. It is said that he already has selected his helpmate.

LUSYL PENNA "SYL"

Vice president of class '12-'13, Francis Wing in "The College Ball," vice president of F. A. D. Club. Syl has a mania for changing her name. Suggestions gladly received by Benedictus Publishing Company.

FRAZIER PAYTON "PHIL"

Basketball '12-'13, Benedictus staff, Phil Patton in "The College Ball." A little bird tells us that Phil has a case on. The said bird was a "spatsie."

MARY ROCKWOOD

Mary is an embodiment of true '14 spírit. She blushes at the slightest provocation. Her "music has charms to soothe the savage heart."

MAURICE RANSFORD. "MOUSE."

Benedictus staff, Review staff, A. C. L. member. He is fastly pertaining to the professional rank of cartooning.

ALMA ROSCOE. "SOCKEY"

Maid in "The College Ball." Alma aspired to be a prima donna. Volubility is one of her most prominent characteristics.

PAUL SCHUHARDT. "SHOT."

Paul was strong for football but never came out to practice. A mustache is very becoming, he thinks. Shot is fierce on varnish on the billiard cues.

SYLVIA SEARING "SIB"

Usher at "The College Ball." She never shirks her class duties. The piano yields melodious strains under the inspiring touch of her dainty fingers.

RAYMOND SHANNON. "ZEKE."

Football '12, captain football '13, editor of Benedictus, president of A. C. L. Board of Control G. H. S. A. A., '13 commencement quartet, treasurer of G. H. S. A. A. '12-'13, Professor Peters in "The College Ball," debating society.

THELMA SMITH

Thelma does her full part of work in all class affairs. She is kind and accommodating to her classmates, after paying five cents for street car tickets to help out her friend's financial embarrassment.

GEORGE SKENE "SKENIE"

Editor of Review, A. C. L. member. Skenie climbed from one of the lower classes to his present position by steady and untiring efforts. "Boost your Review."

HAZEL SOUTHARD. "HAY."

Secretary of class '11-'12, usher at "The College Ball." The cooking teacher is exerting her best effort to make Hazel a neat housewife and cook.

CHESTER SMITH "CHET"

Track captain '13, track captain '14, orchestra '12-'13, leader of orchestra '13-'14, class treasurer '10-'11 and '11-'12, '13 commencement quartet. Chet certainly is a bunch of speed.

MARGARET STIMSON

Margaret can conquer Julius Caesar as easily as Caesar conquered the Helvetii. Margaret picks her associates from the under classes. Three and one-half years has been sufficient for this bright student to finish the four years' course.

PAUL STONER "OLD MAN STONER"

Class treasurer '12-'13, door keeper at "The College Ball." Paul left his Garfield friends behind in January and is now sewing buttons on new overalls at Stahl Urban's.

MARGARET SULLIVAN. "MARGIE."

Basketball '12-'13. She is one of the few girls who has chosen mathematics as her long suit. "Sully" is taking a post graduate course just to keep in with the "bunch." "My pa and ma is Irish, and I am Irish, too."

JOHN STRONG

Debating society; A. C. L. member. John has taken special instructions in the terpsichorean art and this has made him one of the most popular men of the class. It may take a while for a joke to soak through John's head, but after it's in, it's there to stay.

HARRIET STUART. "HALLIE."

Harriet is quite an accomplished musician and ever ready to serve when solicited by her class mates. Of all the subjects Garfield offers, physics is Harriet's favorite. Nit.

ETHEL TEMPLETON

Ethel's aim in life is to be a speed artist on the typewriter, unless circumstances interfere. She hides her light under a bushel and leaves the others to make the big noise.

ELMER VAN BUREN. "IRISH."

Debating society, stage hand at "The College Ball." "Van" has served very creditably on many important committees during his high school life. "Garfield lost a fine athlete because my heart is bad," confidentially confided Elmer in confidence.

ETHEL TENBROOK.

Review staff, Wohe-lo member. Ethel is another one of the few who forged ahead from a lower class in order to graduate with the illustrious class of 1914.

ARTHUR WILDERMUTH. "ARTIE."

Orchestra '12-'13, president of orchestra '13-'14, Henry Carter in "The College Ball." His mastery of the violin has secured him a position as fiddler at the nickel show at Twelve Points.

KATHERINE TRACY. "KIT."

Basketball '12-'13. Kit has displayed a keen interest in English literature and expects to eventually turn the knowledge so gained into greenbacks.

LILLIAN WOOD
"BABE."

Usher at "The College Ball." "Babe" has served her full time on various committees. Boys like to visit Ninth and Locust to get dark brown cake with white icing.

ANDREW YATSKO
"SHATSKY."

Football '13; basketball '13-'14; Benedictus staff; Garfield cadets; A. C. L. member. Andy came to G. H. S. from Clinton to spend his senior year. In the short time he has been with us, he has become one of the most popular men of Garfield.

EDNA WARNER
"ED."

Orchestra '12-'13 and '13-'14. "Ed" will make a fine housewife, for she loves to scrub. She is very excitable, and particularity and neatness are her most conspicuous characteristics. She is also an admirer of curly hair, especially black.

"THE COLLEGE BALL"

This was a beautiful four act drama give by the '14 Class on May 16, 1913. It was so well liked that it was repeated on December 12, 1913. The pictures which you just saw are scenes from Acts I and III respectively.

CHARACTERS

Tom Bradford, Senior	Herman Frey
Dick Adams, Senior	Leroy Allen
Henry Carter, Junior	Arthur Wildermuth
Phil Patten, Junior	Frazier Payton
George Ropes, Junior	George Farmer
Professor Peters	Raymond Shannon
Kitty Peters, his daughter	Helen Larson
Francis Wing	Lusyl Penna
Eleanor Bradford, Tom's Aunt	Amine Brauns
Sally Prentiss	Helen Nehf
A Maid	Alma Roscoe
A Waiter	Ralph Austin

SYNOPSIS

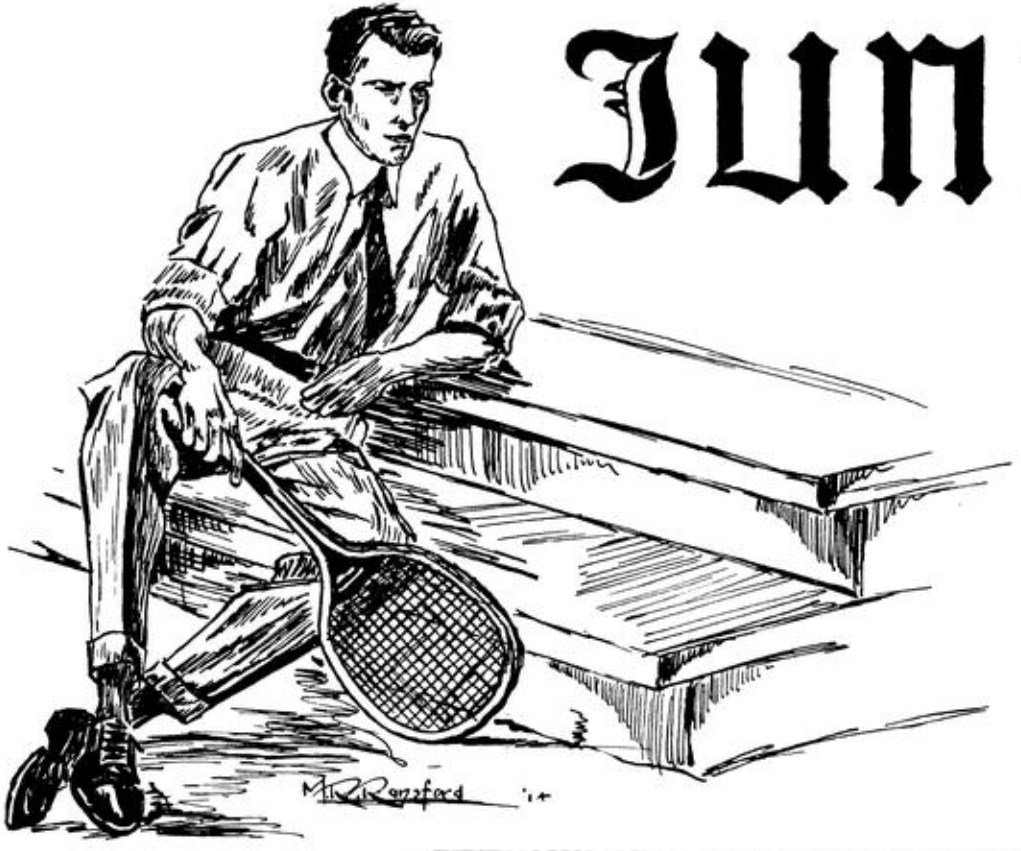
ACT I—At the Professor's. Evening, the third day before Commencement.

ACT II—Tom's room. Evening, the following day.

ACT III—The Senior Dance at the Gymnasium. The evening before Commencement.

ACT IV—Tom's room. Later the same evening.

JUNIOR



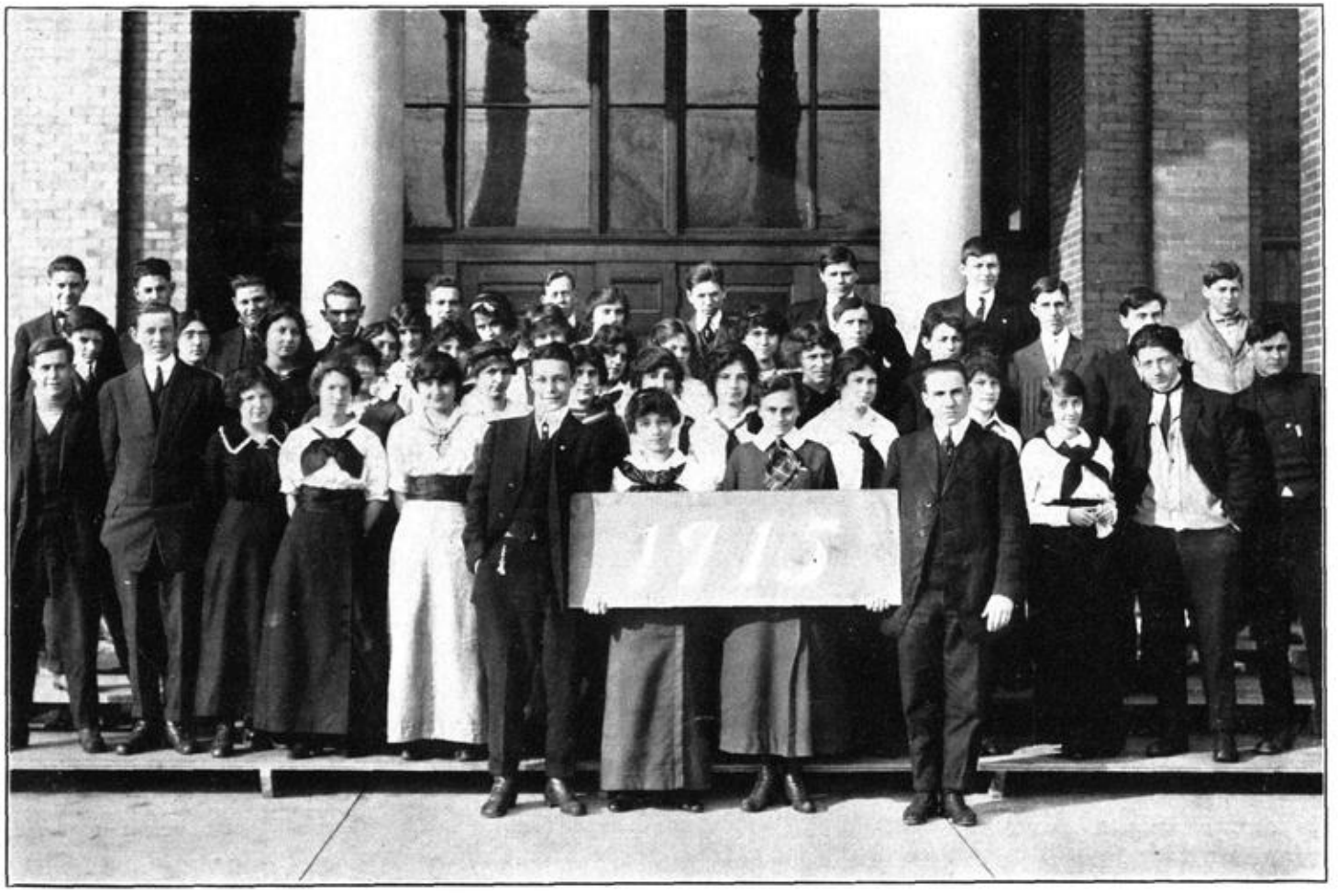
JUNIORS '15

The Junior class is larger than the pictures might indicate. Some of the best-looking ones were absent when the picture was taken.

In many places the Senior class hates to leave the school because they think the Juniors lack the dignity and knowledge becoming to a Senior class. In Garfield, however, it is different. The Seniors have utmost confidence in their successors and should not worry.

It is quite proper that the Seniors should respect the Juniors because of the respect the Juniors show to them. It is a Garfield custom for the Juniors to give a reception for the graduating class and also to decorate the hall for commencement. We, the Seniors, are expecting great things and that is why we manifest so much regard for the '15's

President — Robert Bayles. Vice-President — Harriet Hubbard. Secretary—Louise Schuberth. Treasurer—Paul Loser.


1915

JUNIOR ROLL

Adams, Vesta
Allen, Anita
Andrews, Lena
Anthony, Ben
Armstrong, Gladys
Ashworth, Anna
Bayles, Robert
Bell, Howard
Bressett, Charles
Brown, Gladys
Burk, Inez
Church, Albert
Clark, Harvey
Comofort, John
Cornell, Erland
Cox, Dane
David, Frank
Davidson, Cuddie
Defel, George
Dilley, Charlie
Evans, Roscoe
Ferguson, Frieda
Flesher, Harold
Floyd, Owen
Fox, Bessie
Freeman, Dorothy
Hamilton, Seleada
Hanes, Ralph
Harvey, Mary
Hathaway, Virginia
Hauck, Walter
Heath, Bernice
Houston, Jennie
Hubbard, Harriet
Kellams, Naomi
Kelly, Julia
Krockenburger, Arthur
Larson, Helen
Lee, Eva
Loser, Paul
Madden, Irene
Mark, Muriel
Martin, Blanche
Mayrose, Eleanor
McFarland, Helen
Miller, Earl
Miller, Pearl
Minnick, Earl
Murphy, George
Murphy, Thomas
Myer, Wallace
Neukom, Janie
Nitterhouse, Frank
O'Leary, Helena
Oxford, Pearl
Pickett, Jessie
Pigg, Linden
Rhoades, Paul
Richardson, Aaron
Schuberth, Louise
Simpson, Ethel
Smith, Hazel
Smith, Marie
Throop, Frank
Thurston, Harriet
Wheeler, Zazel
White, Ruby
Winkles, Blanche
Wires, Ruth
Worthy, Leo
Wright, Nina
Zerbe, Margaret

SOPHOMORE ROLL

Adolfs, Nellie
Andrews, Mae
Arbaugh, Arthur
Ashworth, Ralph
Bain, Leslie
Barnum, Fred
Bell, Bonnie
Bierbaum, Harry
Boofter, Margaret
Boyd, Edith
Brewer, Katherine
Broderick, Merl
Brophy, Andrew
Brothers, Ella
Brown, Raymond
Bungard, Hazel
Canine, Herman
Cartman, Anna
Castro, Janet
Church, Bertha
Churchill, Gaynell
Coffin, Carter
Coffman, George
Conover, James
Cooper, Vern
Dawson, Irene
Eaton, Beulah
Eddy, Helen
Ensor, Lottie
Erwin, Arthur
Eslinger, Howard
Evans, Hazel
Evinger, Francis
Farmer, Jerome
Ferguson, Jewel
Fischer, Helen
Fischer, Walter
Fogle, Hazel
Forbes, Bernice
Forsythe, Price
Franke, Ruth
Freeman, Theo.
Fuqua, Paul
Gettings, Guy
Gold, James
Griffith, Ralph
Grimes, Raymond
Hall, Mary
Hall, Mercedes
Harpold, Bertha
Harris, Paul
Hicklin, Robert
Hodgens, Gertrude
Hollingsworth, Mark
Hollingsworth, Marion
Holmes, Lola
Hood, Mabel
Irwin, Glenn
Jett, Earl
Johnson, Wilber
Jones, David
Jones, Thirza
Kalen, Mary
Kelly, Anna May
Kester, Flora
King, Madeline
Kintz, Katherine
Kisner, Harriet
Koonce, Wilma
Krietenstein, Carl
Lauterbach, Herman
Laverty, Harry
Lawson, Edith
Lawson, Harry
LeForge, Walter
Locke, Helen
Long, Leon
Lyons, Harriet
Maehling, Jacob
Mahoney, Henry
Mahoney, Jerekiah
Mark, Stella
Martin, Elva
Martin, Frances
McBane, Bessie
McGuirk, Alice
McKain, Harry
Miller, Markin
Minter, Lillian
Myer, May
Myer, Olive
Newland, Chester
O'Niel, Robert
Orth, Arthur
Owen, Harold
Owens, George
Paine, Helen
Pemberton, Ora
Pence, Fred
Penna, Clarence
Powell, Rebecca
Price, Donald
Price, Gerdt
Radcliff, Olive
Rausch, Paul
Ray, Adrian
Ray, John
Reese, Jane
Reese, Joseph
Reichert, Pauline
Richardson, Wayne
Ring, Lois
Robbins, Charles
Scanlon, Maurice
Scofield, Frank
Shores, Helen
Simpson, Lorenza
Sims, Edith
Sizemore, Gertrude
Smith, Helen
Stangle, Ross
Stewart, Cleo
Stewart, Olive
Stewart, Wayne
Stockmaster, Russel
Taylor, Marjorie
Thompson, Edith
Templeton, Philip
Tingley, William
Tremaine, Marjorie
Vance, Mildred
Veit, Russel
Vermillion, Helen
Voelker, Richard
Waldbieser, Carl
Ward, Margaret
Washburn, Maybelle
Watkins, Edith
Watson, Ethel
Webster, Juanita
Weddle, Ruth
West, Henry
Wienand, Adah
Williams, James
Wiltse, Clara
Wynkoop, Estella
Yatsko, Eddie
Zerwick, Floy

FRESH

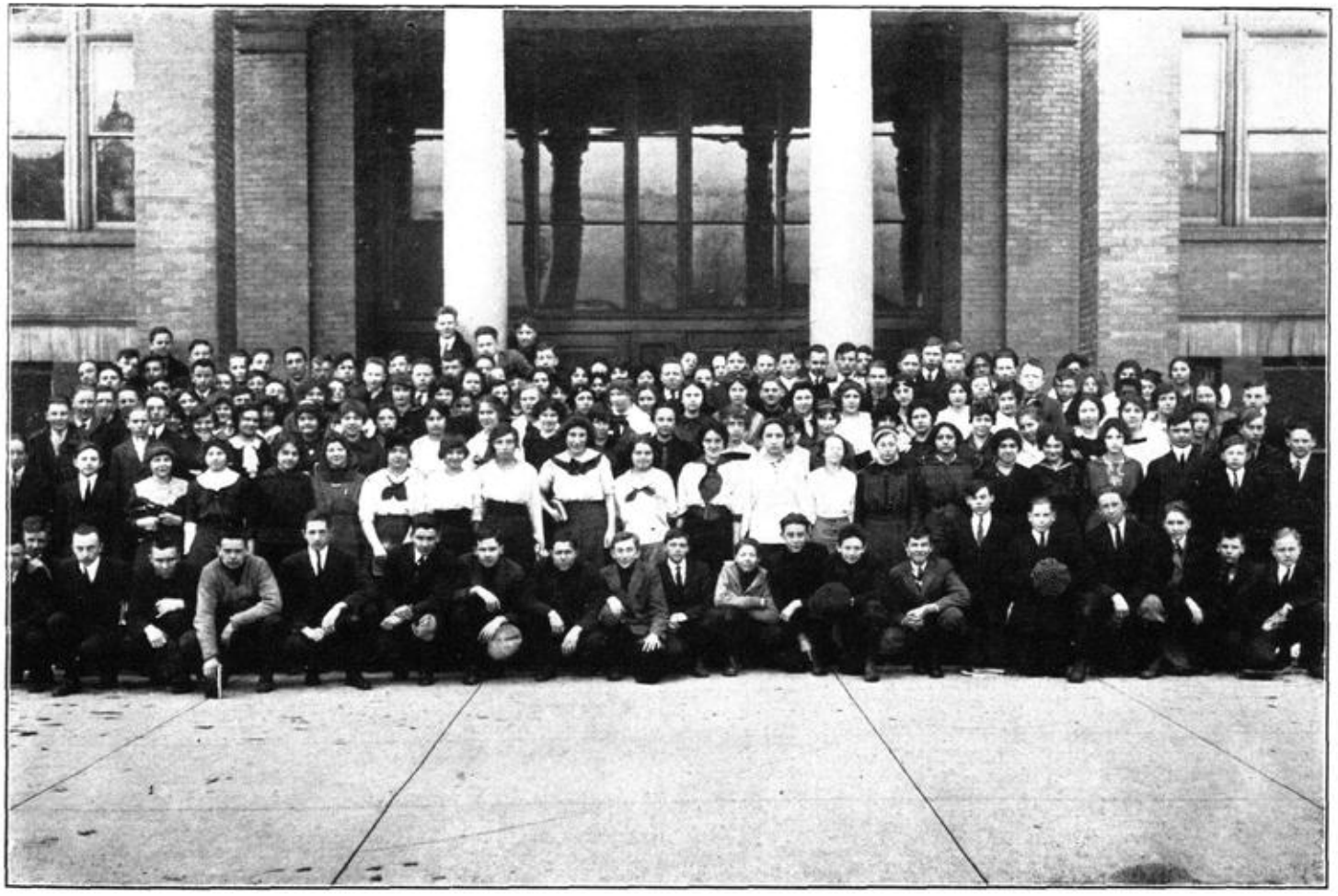
FRESHMAN '17

The Freshmen class has been divided into two pictures. The first picture is of the 1-A and 2-B students. The second is of the students that entered in January and are really less than Freshmen.

As you can see, the Freshmen compose a plurality at Garfield. The present outlook is that there will have to be a third story put on the building.

These particular Freshmen are brighter than they look. Much has been contributed to the school "industries" by them.

The class has not yet organized and elected officers. After the organization is perfected and the "little ones" become better acquainted, they will begin to appreciate some of the joys of high school life.



FRESHMAN ROLL

Abel, Emma
Altemiller, Madge
Bailie, Elizabeth
Bidwell, Emma
Bonebrake, Goldie
Boyd, Picolla
Bradley, Dessie
Brock, Alma
Brown, George
Brown, Glade
Bryant, Mary
Burk, Bernice
Burns, John
Burrows, Harold
Campbell, Mary
Carithers, William
Carter, Olive
Chapman, Firn
Chipron, Esta
Combs, Norah
Cook, Herman
Cook, Verna
Coons, Helen
Corban, Fred
Creal, Mark
Cross, Arthur
Dalton, Leo
Defel, Beatrice
DePlanty, May
DePeugh, Charles
Dever, Harriet
Dilly, Ruby
Dodson, Clifton
Donnelly, Edward
Douthart, Thomas
Downs, William
Drake, Ethel
Dumm, Mary
Dunlap, Edmond
Dunsford Evelyn
Emmitt, Arthur
Faucett, Max
Ferguson Anna
Finley, Cora Lee
Fitterer, Dwight
Fleming, Elizabeth
Foltz, Elsie
Fry, Florence
Foreman, Geraldine
Gammon, Willard
Gantz, Mark
Gardner, Wilbert
Gaugh, Boyd
Geisert, Clifton
Geren, Frankie
Gibbens, Ruth
Giessman, George
Goldman, Ruth
Goodman, Mabel
Goodwin, Wendel
Gregory, Nina
Hale, Adah
Hall, Beatrice
Harmas, Kearney
Harris, Marion
Hatcher, Edith
Havens, Elwood
Heath, Gladys
Henderson, Eva
Hilbert, Edward
Hildreth, Gertrude
Hoddy, Clara
Hodgins, Hubert
Hoffman, Opal
Holden, Sarah
Howard, Anna
Humphreys, Dorothy
Johnson, Richard
Johnson, Waldo
Johnston, Laura
Jones, Benjamin
Justus, Hilda
Kelly, James
Kimball, Lynn
King, Angeline
Klatte, Fred
Klug, John D.
Knapp, Hale
Krausbeck, Ruth
LaBier, Russel
Lanman, LeRoy
Laricks, George
Lanthrop, May
Laub, Herbert
LeForge, James
Levering, Marie
Little, George
Littlefield, Gladys
Lloyd, John
Marmor, Luella
Martin, Margaret
Massie, Ray
McClain, LeRoy
McCluskey, William
McCormick, Irene
McCullough, Cloyd
McCullough, Clyde
McKay, LeRoy
McKenzie, William
Merry, William
Meyer, Clara
Miller, Donald
Miller, Russel
Morgan, Valverta
Moses, Earl
Nash, Karol
Nash, Kenneth
Needham, Edith
Needham, Florence
Newland, Dorothy
Licoson, Maurice
O'Hern Elizabeth
Owens, Frederick
Osborn, Harry
Parks, Glessie
Payton, Lucile
Pedigo, Bert
Penry, Paul
Pettiford, Vivian
Phillips, Warren
Pickett, Paul
Pollum, Ruby
Pollum, Ruth
Price, Edith
Price, Kenneth
Pruitt, Vernise
Quiett, Frank
Rausch, Leonard
Rice, Alberta
Richey, Juanita
Rockliff, Caleb
Russel, Lola
Ruszler, Lloyd
Schroeder, Carl
Schuberth, Marguerite
Senour, Mildred
Shea, Edward
Shellabarger, Ira
Shiel, Agnes
Sine, Mildred
Slusser, Ray
Smock, Raymond
Southard, Earl
Sparrow, Fred
Srofe, Hal
Standfield, Harma
Stark, Mary
Stevenson, Mahlon
Stewart, Luella
Stimson, Stuart
Stuart, Paul
Sullivan, Michael
Surrell, Carrie
Swearinger, Ruth
Tait, Rhea
Taylor, Bessie
Taylor, Mary L.
Torry, Maurice
VanBibber, Marie
VanBuren, Donald
Vanlandingham, Marie
VonUlzen, Alka
Vermillion, Leo
Voges, Richard
Warner, Edith
Warren, Ethel
Watt, Stanley
Webster, Byron
Wenzel, Margaret
Williams, Mildred
Wilson, Ruth
Wood, Cora
Wright, Vivian
Yatsko, Susie
Zerbe, Walter

CRADLE ROLL

Adolfs, Clara
Anstead, Joseph
Bennet, Beulah
Brammer, Melvin
Brentlinger, John
Bresett, Edward
Bungard, Raymond
Conner, Harold
Coston, Elmer
Cottrell, Marie
Cowan, Gladys
Dahlen, Eloise
Dahlquest, Edgar
Eddy, Anna
Eppert, Grace
Eppert, Lestia
Ferree, Eva
Foltz, Marie
Gallen, Thomas
Garhart, Helen
Griffith, Donald
Hanes, Vera
Hargrove, Esther
Hensley, Hazel
Houston, William
Huguet, Maurice
Jacob, Mollie
King, Madge
Kingery, Helen
Kord, Erna
Krockenberger, Esther
Laatz, Mary
Layman, Helen
Leisey, Claude
Lints, Marie
Markland, Lois
McKeehan, Noel
McMillin, Celia
McPeak, Leslie
Medlock, Orvil
Miller, Ruth
Muncey, George
Myers, Leotta
Nicholson, Geraldine
Parks, Hazel
Perkins, John
Pipes, Herbert
Price, Karl
Reder, Paul
Reed, Hubert
Reed, William
Reinoehl, Frank
Reynolds, Ralph
Richardson, Susannah
Roberts, Wilbur
Scott, Ernest
Seitz, Rosie
Smith, Eleanor
Steele, Vern
Stevenson, Ervin
Stewart, Doris
Weese, Marie
Wesley, Leila
Wilson, Arthur
Wimer, Stanley
Woody, Fred
Young, Deleon

"CLASS OF 1914 PROPHECY"

Chicago, Illinois,
June 11, 1924.

Dearest Lusyl:

I have just opened your letter telling me of your delightful travels and asking me for the latest news. My motive in answering so promptly is twofold. In the first place, I wish to impart some news while it is still fresh in my mind. In the second place—well, I wonder whether you have not already guessed the second reason. It was just ten years ago this very night, my dear, that we marched proudly upon the stage of good old G. H. S. to receive our well earned diplomas. How many things have occurred since that memorable night, and into how many parts of the world we have all scattered. Just look where you are, dear Syl, wandering about the world enjoying just one happy, care free day after another. But, dear, I often wonder whether if you had not had to be so careful of your eyesight, you would have chosen such a life for yourself. I don't believe so. You were always so energetic that I hardly thought you would be satisfied just to settle down to a life of ease.

But here I go on as if you were the only one who had any leisure time. This past year has been a busy but happy year for me as well. You know for the first six years or more after graduating, I worked hard, first finishing college and then teaching English for a couple of years. But all that was only a preparation for what I consider my life's work. For three years, now, I have been lecturing all over the states, making a plea for the recognition of women's rights. (I am afraid I'll have to find a new subject soon since nearly all of the States have already granted equal suffrage). In all the years that I have been out of High School, I have not taken

a true vacation before; so that this spring I determined to take a good long rest after my winter lecture tour was over.

I started from here, Chicago, the first part of May, headed for the South. I had no fixed course but just decided to go wherever I pleased and to stay as long as I pleased. Oh, Syl, it was such a relief from the definite, systematic order of things I had to follow when on my business trips.

When our train reached Lafayette, so many of the occupants of my car prepared to get off, that I concluded that my adventures might as well begin here as not, and accordingly I gathered up my baggage and followed the crowd. All was bustle and excitement in the station. Leaving my luggage there, I started forth in quest of something interesting. Some sort of an exhibition was being held there, participated in by farmers from all over the State of Indiana. One stall I noted was especially bedecked with blue ribbons and with large signs announcing how many prizes its articles had captured. A card tacked up on one of the posts read, "All these products raised by George Mark, Indiana farmer." My adventures had begun.

Soon a tall, citified farmer came round the corner of the booth and I recognized George. He would have passed me by if I had not introduced myself as a 1914 graduate of G. H. S. He was quite cordial then, even going so far as to offer to show me around since I was a stranger there.

A few steps brought us to a large tent over which was a large poster declaring to all it might concern that Professor G. Farmer, Bacteriologist, would give a free lecture at 2:15.

Looking at his watch, Mr. Mark said, "It's two o'clock now. Let's go in. It might be interesting to you."

I acquiesced but secretly wished we had taken a different road. While waiting for the speaker to appear my companion briefly outlined his life since we had last seen each other. He had taken a course in scientific farming, had bought a large farm and had soon made quite a name for himself among the Indianans. "By the way," he concluded, "Professor Farmer and I graduated from Purdue in the same year."

"Indeed?" I tried to appear interested in the

Professor but it was rather difficult as I had never heard tell of him before.

The buzzing within the tent ceased; the lecturer, a short, stock, jolly faced man, had ascended the platform.

I turned a startled face to my escort. "That can't be our George Farmer, can it?" I exclaimed.

"It can be and it is," he replied, laughing at my surprise.

After the lecture, Mr. Mark brought the Professor down to where I was waiting. Naturally, our conversation was all about the good old times we had at Garfield Hi. I don't know for how long we three had been the only occupants of the tent when suddenly the town clock striking five recalled me. My train was to leave in fifteen minutes. The dignified professor kindly walked (or more accurately speaking, ran) to the station with me. Quite unceremoniously he bundled me on the car, jumped from the steps, and waved a good bye. Rearranging myself, I settled for a little doze before dinner should be called. In a half dream, I was seeing the two Georges as they were when in High School, when a light tap on my shoulder aroused me.

"Pardon me, Miss Brauns—I believe?" questioned a voice at my hide.

"Yes—but," I began haughtily—then, "Why if it isn't George Skene!" and I moved over to make room for him.

We began talking, we continued to talk over our dinner table, and we were still talking when our train pulled into Terre Haute about nine o'clock. During that time George had explained that he was going, on a leave of absence from his excellent position in the East, to attend a reunion of the 1918 class of Rose Polytechnic engineers. A number of social functions were to be given and with his usual consideration, he invited me as his guest to a large dance to be given the next night. I gladly accepted and though I had not planned to stop at Terre Haute, I was pleased that things had come about that way.

A large crowd was awaiting George Skene; so I urged him to go with them. I walked over to the magazine counter where I spied a telephone, intending to engage a room at some hotel. The back of a young lady turning over the leaves of a magazine, looked so familiar that I stepped

around in order to see her face. It was our old friend Hazel Southard, looking prettier and healthier than ever. She recognized me immediately and wouldn't hear to me going to a hotel even for the night but insisted that I spend my time in Terre Haute at her home. I protested that it would be an imposition, but she only laughed at me, and fairly carried me out to her machine which stood waiting at the curb. The chauffeur, a short fellow whose face did not seem altogether strange, opened the door with a flourish. Once within the car Hazel leaned toward me whispering:

"Do you know who my chauffeur is?"

"I am sure I have seen him somewhere, but I can't place him," I made answer.

"Why, dear that's Elmer Van Buren, who was in our class at High School. I suppose that surprises you," she continued as she saw me start, "but it is the only work that he finds congenial and he certainly does make a splendid chauffeur.

I quite agreed with the last part of her statement for in the shortest possible time, we drew up before the darlingest cottage. We went from one room into another, each one prettier than the preceding one, until we reached the kitchen. It was the neatest, cleanest place I had ever set eyes upon.

"This is my favorite room," she cried gaily. "I just love to fuss around in here. Why, Amine, don't you know I am so fond of house work that I don't engage a single maid!" And this was Hazel Southard!

Just then a key turned in the lock and in walked a tall, handsome man. Hazel ran quickly to him and clasping his hand marched him proudly up to me and introduced him as her husband. I was never more surprised in my born days! He was charming and head over heels (as of course was natural enough) in love with his wife.

The next morning, I waked refreshed and happy, ready for another fruitful day. Wanting something different to wear to the Engineers' dance, I walked down town to see whether I could not find an appropriate gown at one of the shops. A beautiful decorated window case bearing the inscription, "Mademoiselle Daviess, Exclusive Designer," attracted

my notice. A tall, dark haired young woman elegantly gowned, came to meet me.

"Evelyn Davis!" "Amine Brauns," we exclaimed instantaneously and were in each other's arms. One had but to look at her handsomely appointed parlors to tell that she had been very successful. What with our questionings and answerings, it was quite a while before I informed her of my business there.

"I have the very thing for you!" she exclaimed, immediately exhibiting a veritable Parisian creation. I didn't ask to be shown any more but ordered it to be sent out to Hazel's.

Upon asking Evelyn where I might find a hairdresser or manicurist, she informed me that both might be found just east of her place. Reluctantly we parted for the time was flying rapidly.

Hearing the sound of the closing door, the auburn haired head of the establishment rose from the dressing table and looked inquiringly toward me. When she learned what I wanted, she placed me at the table and began taking out the hair pins. Above my own head in the mirror I could see hers. Somewhere, sometime, I had seen that beautiful hair of hers. Curiosity finally proved my master and I asked her name.

"Miss Bonnie Bryant," was her simple reply. With my hair falling down my back, I jumped up to shake hands with her, at the same time telling her who I was. "Why, Amine, how funny!" was her characteristic remark.

My hair dressed, Bonnie led me to the door of the manicurists' room. "Mabel," she called, "here's an old friend as well as a customer for you." It proved to be Mabel Owens, looking just the same as she used to. On the strength of being an old friend I had an especially good polish put on my nails. As it was nearly noon I had to cut my visit short.

With great haste I was making my way toward the street car, heedless of those about me when some one equally heedless bumped against me. "I beg you——," she began—then continued, "Well, hello there, where did you drop from?" Margaret Sullivan! Nothing would suit her but that I should take luncheon with her. After telephoning to Hazel, we went over to a cafe. Upon my asking it, Margaret told me that she was the basketball instructor in a large

college in the West, at the present time taking a short vacation.

"But, Marg, that's so far away from all your old friends," I protested.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. I love the work so. Anyway," she added as if an afterthought, "Katherine Tracy teaches English in the same college; so it isn't very lonesome."

"Well, well, tell me anything now, Margie old girl, I won't be surprised at anything," I made reply.

We fairly tore ourselves apart for I had several things that had to be attended to before that evening.

It was nearly dinner time before Hazel imparted to me the news that she was giving a little dinner party for me with only one guest. I confess I was somewhat put back at first by the news but when she went on to say that that one guest was Elma Knapp, needless to say, I was much pleased. Scarcely had she ceased speaking when the subject of our conversation made her appearance. We had the coziest, chummiest hour over the delightful dinner our charming hostess had prepared for us. Elma herself, was teaching in one of the graded schools of the city. Although she had been offered a high school position, she had declined it, giving as a reason, her fondness for smaller children. Elma had been interested enough in her profession to endeavor to keep an account of all the '14 girls who had become teachers.

On her list was Freeda Jeffers who held the respect and honor of the teachers all over Indiana. She now holds the principalship of one of the schools in Jasonville, having chosen that place from her various other offers since it had been her former home. The news of her success did not at all surprise me for I recalled how in her Senior year, she had treated the Freshmen, especially those in her Physiology class, with such indulgence, leniency, and friendliness. I realized then that she was preparing herself for helping and teaching those younger than herself.

Turning from Freeda, Alma told me of Elsie Osting. She was only with us in our Senior year, but you remember her, don't you, Syl—tall and fair, rather reserved but sociable and jolly with all? She had established a private school

some place in Illinois, (I can't at this minute recall the name of the place), and was getting on famously. I was so pleased to hear this but it was only what I should have expected for I had always maintained that Elsie with her dignified, patient, and persistent nature was cut out for a good teacher.

Next on Elma's list was Margaret Stimson who, through earnest study and hard work, had mastered the Latin language and was now head of that department in a well known High School of California.

Coupled with Margaret's name was that of Ethel Tenbrook. Goodness, Lusyl, don't you remember the great stacks of books that girl used to carry home with her every night? It makes me weary even now just to recall how she pored over her texts in her unquenchable thirst for more knowledge! Latin had always been her favorite subject; so it was not at all to be wondered at that she was an instructor of that language in a Boston High School. And—oh yes, Elma informed me that Ethel had lately published a Latin poem which was considered by the critics "quite classical indeed."

I opened my ears a little wider when "Elmie" mentioned Pauline Bell's name. Syl dear, I am sure you know her, for although she spent only one year with us, she was familiar to all in the class. Well, small town life became so monotonous for Pauline that after she finished her course at Normal, she left little old Terre Haute for the city of Newport, Indiana, her old home to take the position of domestic science teacher in one of the large high schools in that metropolis.

Kit Tracy's was last upon the list but I had already learned of her fortunes through Margie.

"I did have Verna Brothers' name down for I thought she intended to teach. I followed her to a girl's college in Virginia, where she was having a ripping gay time, but after she finished there I lost track of her entirely. I had thought she would be the easiest to keep an account of for she was never so quiet but that you could tell when she was any place near," concluded Elma.

"Oh, I can tell you about her," interposed our hostess. Just the other day I picked up a magazine in which a number of colleges, academies, and seminaries were advertised. Glancing over

the page, her name caught my eye, leading me to read the advertisement. It seems she is president of a young ladies' finishing school in Georgia, I believe," she finished.

"Quite in keeping with Verna's character," I replied. "She always used to tell us girls that she intended to go to a girls' school (located near some male college, it was stipulated, however), and there to have a rollicking good time while she was receiving those finishing touches of polish which it is requisite for every young lady of society to possess. Evidently she was pleased with her own experience since she has established a similar school for others of the same disposition.

Elma, taking thought for our dance engagement, left us as soon as she could with all propriety; not however, until I had exacted a promise that she would visit me this summer. (I am expecting her next week, and am living in anticipation of it).

Hardly had I fastened my gown and turned about on my heels for Hazel's inspection, and flattering and reassuring comments, when promptly at nine o'clock, George arrived and with him a handsome bouquet of deep yellow rose buds, just the touch needed for the perfection of Mademoiselle Daviess's gown. Our carriage rolled smoothly along, pulling up before the dance hall in a very short time.

I quickly disposed of my wraps for I was resolved to make my evening as long and as enjoyable as possible. Nor was I disappointed. No sooner had I stepped out upon the floor than George was there, ready to whisk me off into the first waltz. He had secured such a splendid program for me and my partners were all so agreeable that I almost felt as if I were only eighteen instead of twenty-eight. You will most likely remember some of my partners, Lusyl, if I should name them. One of the first dances on my program was with Krieg Failing, an electrical engineer. We were so surprised to meet each other that we decided to find a quiet place where we could talk instead of dancing.

"I'd bring my wife over but she is practicing some old dance that has gone out of date years ago. Let me see. Oh yes, the tango. She and Strong are raking their memories trying to get

into the swing of it. Funny how those dances come and go, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's queer, but I'm not half as interested in that as I am in hearing who your wife is."

"Oh," he chuckled, "I supposed you had heard Ethel and I finally got married. When we graduated from Hi, she promised to wait until I could get on my feet. I finished my course at Rose and then got a good paying job in Michigan. Ethel accepted a position as matron of an orphan asylum in Taylor Springs, Illinois for a while, thinking it would hasten matters. Yes, we have been married nearly five years now and are as happy as ever."

Our conversation drifted from one thing to another, including the various dancers in the room.

"There comes Ethel, or Elvira as you girls used to call her, now. That's John Strong, another 1914 graduate, with her. He took the chemical course and holds down a fine salary down in Texas. He came all the way up to be with the boys."

A tall, rather stout fellow glided past our half hidden bench, with that light graceful movement so many less fleshy men envy, whom Krieg pointed out as our old friend Leonard Hasbrouck, another chemical engineer, who had made a name for himself in his chosen work.

During our little chat, Mary Rockwood's name was mentioned. "Krieg" stated that she had started on a musical career but had finally yielded to her present husband's persuasive entreaties and was now a contented housewife. But the funny part of it is, Lusyl, that I cannot for the life of me say who her husband is. I have been poundering ever since Mr. Failing told me but I haven't yet come to a conclusion. It was either John Strong or Lon Hasbrouck, but which I do not know. However, I am inclined to think it was Leonard.

Paul Stoner, also a chemist, had been expected at the reunion but had changed his plans at the eleventh hour and had taken his bride on a wedding trip through Europe instead. He married some Eastern girl, nobody we knew.

Later in the evening, I had a couple of dances with Harry Heath. He looked quite handsome in full dress and danced exceedingly well. But

that's no news to you, dear, for 'way back in High School days, the girls always talked about what a good dancer he was. He had gone about as far from home as any of the civils, having just completed a big contract in South America. But he confided to me that he did not intend to roam so far from all his old friends again.

Although my program was entirely filled out, he insisted upon bringing up "an old friend whom you will be delighted to meet again" as he phrased it. I was somewhat astonished upon finding it to be Arthur Wildermuth for although I had known that he had always been interested in Electricity and the like, still I had fully expected him to be making his living with his "fiddle." It was only natural to have believed that since that was the way he had earned his pocket money while going to school. We had only a few words together since the next dance, for which each of us was engaged, was just beginning.

Very tired but equally very happy was I when George and I drove back to Hazel's in the wee hours of morning. We were both too sleepy to realize that we were probably saying good bye for ever when we parted. However, I am glad it was so, for if there is anything I hate it is good byes, and I would not have had the pleasure of the evening marred for anything.

Hazel and I, you may be sure, did not rise early the next morning. As I had declared my intention of leaving that evening before I should have imposed too much upon my hostess, "Ha" decided to take a day off and go out with me, leaving her house work until the next day.

Searching the papers to find what the afternoon's entertainment should be, we came upon an announcement to the effect that the most exclusive dancing master (or to be more accurate —mistress) would give an exhibition at her hall that P. M. We dressed and started for the address given. We had reached the Main street before I discovered that I had forgotten a handkerchief.

Hazel led me into a store near which we had halted, remarking, "Oh, just get one in here, dear. You can't get anything fancy for it's only a ten cent store, but I guess it will serve the purpose."

A young lady, evidently the manager, stood

near the entrance. She was not very tall but somewhat plump, dressed very neatly in simple black tailor-made. Hazel whispered, "Paulina Adolfs," in an aside, but it was unnecessary. Paulina and I had not attended every meeting of the Benedictus Staff for such a while for us to forget each other in ten short years. After exchanging biographies, she showed us to the handkerchief department and herself picked out some dainty handkerchiefs, which, believe it or not, were good linen.

At Paulina's little squeeze of my arm, I turned to see a rather bulky figure at another counter buying dish pans, soap, cake cutters, and various other kitchen supplies. My first glance told me that the figure was that of a prosperous, well-fed farmer; but then he looked no different from the other farmers one sees everyday in the city streets stocking up supplies to take "back home."

"Wait till he turns around," "Oscar," cautioned. As if in answer to her, he looked over his shoulder. It was John Orth. "He married soon after commencement and settled right down on the farm where he has stayed ever since," she said.

"That's nothing. I could have sworn ten years ago that that would be exactly what John would do," I answered.

"Do come, Amine, or we never will get there," exclaimed Hazel.

The pianist was just seating herself to play when we hurried into the hall. We remained in the rear of the room, fairly entranced by the grace and ease of the dancing teacher as she demonstrated some of the newest dances. After the performance the principal came over to greet Hazel.

"You danced beautifully, Lillian," complimented she in reply. Then, and not until then, I realized that the performer was Lillian Wood. She smiled, commenting that she had not known me either. "And here's another one of us," said she beckoning the pianist. "I simply could not get along unless Sylvia consented to play for me. I am almost afraid I am going to lose her now, however, for she has been sporting a diamond the last few weeks. She won't tell me who it is though," she concluded playfully. For

some unexplained reason, the name "Ralph Austin" flashed through my brain.

It was really and truly Syb Searing, as sweet and unaffected as ever.

As I had already engaged my berth and seat for New York, on my way to town, I did not want to risk losing my train. Accordingly our interview was rather brief.

At the station, we spied Harry Heath who, having learned in some way that I was leaving at that time, and having plenty of time, had strolled down to the depot. As I stepped into the car he took from his pocket a late magazine which he felt assured, so he said, I would be interested in

I admit I felt a little homesick and depressed when the train puffed out of the shed, but I opened my book to keep from dwelling on the good times and the old friends which every minute were getting farther away. I began idly to glance through an editorial. Almost unconsciously I became deeply interested in it; so much so that I turned the pages to detect who the editor might be. On the page dealing with the publication in general, Milo Fortune's name stood at the top. Then I remembered that Milo had carried papers all through his High School career. This probably explained his present position.

Skimming over the contents, a poem, or rather the name of the poet, Paul Schuhardt, caught my eye. Quickly finding the page, I read it through. It was nearly perfect as to meter and language and its theme was very well chosen and ably dealt with. Paul had certainly developed the talent which he had given signs of while we were all going to that beloved Garfield.

The article of interest in the magazine was the one which gave an account of the President's vacation. No wonder it was being talked about, for I doubt not it was the first rest Ralph V. Austin ever took in his life! Did you ever, dear, know any one who was such a bunch of activity and energy as Ralph? Don't you (secretly of course) feel proud to think that you went to school with the best president the United States ever had? I confess I do. But it seems he had been working so incessantly that he simply had to take a rest or "throw up his job."

As a result he and John Ward, the Secretary of the Treasury, (and by the way, another old classmate of ours) were spending a couple of weeks in the mountains of Maine to recuperate.

I eagerly scanned the pages in hopes of coming across another bit of news. Unusual for me, I began reading the sporting news. I believe I was induced to do so by the very excellent cartoons. I was not satisfied until I saw the name, Maurice Ransford, half hidden as if in modesty, in the lower right hand corner. I knew no other cartoonist in the States could draw like that. One of the pictures was of an extremely long figure but the face was one well known to the world. Printed under the cartoon were the words, "Sam (Longboat) McKee, Champion Marathon runner." Chauncey had always had a tendency that way. On one particular Saturday afternoon in his Senior year he had run some thirty-five miles south of town just for the exercise.

Below his picture was another one which, despite the fact that I had never seen him so costumed, bending over with gloved hands in that famous pose which all his opponents in the ring had come to fear, was unmistakably that of Andrew Yatsko (Shatsky) champion heavy weight of the world.

So deeply engrossed had I been that I had not noticed that the train had come to a stop amid the clattering of anxiously awaiting friends, long faced departing guests and the racket of the baggage cars and loudly persuasive cab drivers. Evidently we had come into a college town for, lounging all about the station were sweater-clad boys joking one another and flirting with all the members of the fair sex from the short skirted girls of the grammar school to the velvet bonneted grandmothers. My wandering gaze lit upon a group surrounding a rather short, red haired athletic figure, who though he acted as young as the boys about him, seemed somewhat older in years. For some reason, I imagined that he was the coach for the college. Following their eyes, I perceived that they were bidding good bye to some one whom from their deferential manner, I judged to be a professor. I watched for him and to my satisfaction he, followed by his wife, came into the car and dropped into the seat opposite me, that being

the only one vacant in that section. The couple were too much taken up with the parting words to the students on the platform to notice me. This gave me a good opportunity to study the faces of the two and I eagerly took advantage of it. Yes—without a doubt that was Raymond Shannon, popularly known in High School as "Zeke." As soon as the students were lost to view, I introduced myself to Mr. Shannon. Both my surmises regarding him and the coach were correct but he further elucidated by saying that he was president of the college as well as Professor of Philosophy; and that the coach was none other than our old friend, Ralph Buck, still called even by the boys "Icky," renowned for his skill as a coach as much as for his irrepressible good humor.

I was quite pleased that Zeke and his wife (of course it would be superfluous to give her maiden name) should have boarded that particular train. As they had the same destination in mind as I, we settled down to talk old times.

Among other things, Zeke laughingly told me that upon venturing on his journey, he had taken out some accident insurance. In fact, said he, the agent had shown him the benefits so clearly that it was plain that only a crazy man would refuse. The agent, Ray Decker by name, another Terre Haute boy, had himself sustained an accident on a railroad train while he was an underclassman; therefore he felt it his duty to take care that all others should either avoid the same misfortune or at least be prepared for it. I gave Ray credit for knowing a great deal about argumentation to beat Raymond at his own game.

In naming over the 1914 graduates I inquired of Professor Shannon whether he had heard anything of Ted Cooper, the darling of the class as he was designated.

Zeke chuckled. "Ye—es," he drawled, "I heard of him about three years ago. About that time some newspaper was publishing the different opinions of people concerning woman suffrage. We—ell, Ted wrote a long article descrying it, with a lot of bosh about the highest thing a woman could do, being to make a home."

I think he must have caught a little smile on my face for he said, rather sheepishly, "Wait till I get through now."

He went on to say that he himself had written a reply to Frederick's discourse which had subsequently been published. Zeke laughed out right when he said that no more had been heard of Ted since that date. His wife cast a proud look at him.

"But"—I finally expostulated.

"Yes, I know what you're going to say," interrupted he. "But what if I was such a strong anti back in High School? That's no reason why I shouldn't change my ideas as soon as I get older and wiser, is it?"

"No, but it is almost incredible, Zeke. Why just think of the fights, with umbrellas and chairs, we used to have when working on the Benedictus, over that very subject." Of course, both of us laughed to recall it.

"Listen here though, Zeke. Do you remember that bet we made in our Sophomore year? You promised to give me a dinner at the Terre Haute House if I had not changed my views concerning woman suffrage before I should be twenty years old. Well, I have not changed and —I am slightly past twenty."

"By George, I'll do it," he exclaimed. "Of course it can't be at the Terre Haute House, but we'll have one in New York, and invite any of the old friends we can find. I know at least a couple of the old boys who will be glad to come." And so it was settled that the bet should be paid on the very day of our arrival in New York.

That evening, Zeke sent a carriage for me and I was conveyed to a magnificent, brilliantly lighted hotel. In the lobby, the Professor in full dress, was awaiting me, his face one broad grin. I knew then that he had been unusually successful in rounding up the guests he wanted. He led me to a table remarking that the rest would soon be there. Curiously I counted the places and found there were nine. I was astonished. Greater was my surprise when he said that his wife had declined, pleading that it would be so much nicer for the old graduates to be by themselves. Then, deducting her, I was to meet seven old friends all in one evening. Who could they be. I was not kept in suspense long for soon I saw the waiter making for our table followed by six or seven contented looking individuals. I could write on for hours telling what each one had done for himself but my hand is nearly

paralyzed now, and I am sure you are already tired out; so I will tell you only briefly what they are now doing.

Helen Nehf, our lively, versatile Nehfie, was presented first. She was starring that season in one of the most popular shows of the year. In the same play was Fraizer Payton, black haired and handsome. To be sure he was playing the part of the villain. Miss Hanley's statement at one of the rehearsals of "The College Ball" given in our Junior year, that Frazier looked so natural in the part of a villain, had evidently made a deep impression on him. Several times I caught envious glances in our direction for were we not entertaining two famous celebrities of the times?

Our other guests were also well known characters nearly all of them being members of a concert troupe playing at one of the big theatres. Chester Smith, little but mighty, was leader of the orchestra. You know what success he had when he led our famed Garfield orchestra. Oh, but I'd love to hear it again, wouldn't you?

Edna Warner played the violin. The word "played" doesn't half do justice to what she did. From all reports her success was unparalleled.

Berna Bowers, world famed pianist, had been secured for the orchestra, and Chester assured me that that was the final touch needed to make it perfect.

Alma Roscoe, the much talked of and envied prima donna, was also at our table, as voluble and gay as if every eye in the room were not gazing admiringly at her.

Zeke never did tell me where he found her, but somewhere, some how, he had come across Eileen Holler. She, tiring of a life of frivolity and entertainment, had resolved to divert her energy to something which she felt would be of a material and of a spiritual help to those about her. As a result, she was spending her life working in the slum districts, having chosen New York as offering the largest field for her work. I believe Eileen's appearance at that table, welcome as it was to be sure, was the biggest surprise of any.

I will not disclose the hour when we parted, nor will I venture to say what the professor's

wife said to him (or did to him) when he reached home.

I spent nearly a week in New York both seeing my new-old friends quite often, and getting all my shopping off my hands. Nothing exciting happened on my trip home, except the running over of a cow which later got us into trouble.

The day after reaching home, I was lying in bed (and oh, Syl, it felt so good to be in my own room again) when I was called to the telephone and summoned to appear in court that afternoon as witness to the slaughter of a certain cow. I had wanted to rest that day but, feeling that my adventures had not ended with my trip, I donned my street clothes. Nearly all of the occupants of the car had been called in as witnesses, so I almost felt at home in the court room. I came away nearly choked with laughter for the railroad had secured the services of the most prominent lawyer of Chicago, curly headed Dudley Kalen, to defend their side and he had proved beyond a doubt that the railroad had only carried out the quite apparent desire of the cow to end its life, and thus should be commended not censured. The poor farmer, owner of the cow, went away, submissive but unconvinced.

The second day, I boarded a street car for town as I had neglected, in the hurry of my departure, to settle my account at Marshall Field's. I made my way directly to the head bookkeeper, since I was well acquainted with him. Why, come to think of it, you must know him too, Lusyl—Chester (Chic) Chapman. He is so genial and jolly that it is really a pleasure to have any business dealings with him. However, he was busy on that particular day, but he sent me his head stenographer who was just as cordial and attentive as her manager. I always did think Edith Coombs one of the sweetest, most unassuming girls I ever met. Our business over, we proceeded to tell each other of our discoveries as we termed them. After I had exhausted all of my experiences, she told me that she had just returned from a two weeks vacation which she had spent with Bertha Baumgartner at the latter's farm. Bertha and her husband, the happiest married people, had been farming for quite a few years now. The occasion of

Edith's visit was a house-warming given at the completion of their new homestead. Daisy Dowell, another old friend of ours, and likewise an accomplished stenographer, had also been a house guest.

Edith sauntered across to the elevator with me. She was in the midst of a sentence when the elevator stopped at our floor, so I decided to wait for the next trip. An extremely pretty face, half concealed by a black hood, and a pretty figure hidden in a long cape, was especially attractive. I pinched Edith, but she had noticed too, and imparted to me after the cage descended, that it was Margaret McCormick.

"Not Peg?" I exclaimed, although I realized it was she.

"Yes, she became so disgusted with the prevailing frivolity and society of the day, that she finally sought refuge in a convent, and there found her proper niche."

"Will wonders never cease?" I pondered still meditating over what I had just learned.

Bidding good bye to Edith I passed out onto the sidewalk and, unseeing, stumbled into the arms of a passerby. He started to beg my pardon very politely (for my own offense) but instead changed it into an exclamation of recognition. Probably you already know who it is for he asked for your address and declared he was going to write to you that very evening. Yes, dear, it was Le Roy Allen, the very personification of the prosperous business man well satisfied with his position in the world. He was just going to a hospital in the city to take a message to one of the surgeons there, a particular friend of his.

He invited me to go along and take a look at the hospital since it has a name of being one of the best equipped in the country.

"Le" warned me that even if his friend, Herman Frey, should remember me, I should not be offended if he did not seem pleased at my appearance, for his thoughts were otherwise occupied. The announcement of his engagement to one of the nurses in the same building, who was, as Le Roy stated, very pretty and charming, had just appeared in the Chicago papers. It seems that it was quite romantic, as one would naturally imagine for the athletic hero of G. H. S.

"Pat" as Le Roy familiarly called the famous surgeon, was quite pleasant and I saw that he was trying to be attentive to our conversation, but half of the time, I knew his mind was in an entirely different part of the hospital, where his fiancee was probably patting the pillows of some cranky old man.

Mr. Allen summoned a soft footed nurse with immaculately white apron and cap, to show me over the place. The nurse's face was so familiar that I could not refrain from asking her name.

"Why, Amine, don't you remember Ethel Templeton?"

"How could I be so stupid," I replied for with a rush of memory I knew almost before she had spoken. She was very fond of her work and could not be persuaded to give it up, and had even turned down a most acceptable offer of marriage for her work.

From one room to another we went, until last of all, we entered a large airy room which, Ethel explained, was opened for all mothers who having no place to leave them, wished to place their children in the hands of the matron while they went on shopping or perhaps calling expeditions.

"We are very proud of this department and delighted with our matron, Miss Gillespie, whose great love for the children make her the most capable of guardians."

"Not Eva Gillespie, who used to go to school with us?" I queried.

"The very same," was her reply and she would have gone on had not Le Roy appeared at the door to say he was ready to go.

The dignity and usual reserve of the influential business man dropped from him and he talked and joked just as he used to when he had no greater name than that of a basketball star, and all round good fellow. He walked up to my door with me but refused to stay for dinner, pleading a previous engagement.

A letter was waiting for me on the table when I sank into my chair, tired and hungry. In bewilderment I read it through to the end until I came to the name, Thelma Smith. No wonder I didn't remember the hand writing for I hadn't seen it for ten years.

Thelma's health had not been the best for the past year, so her letter informed me, and she had been traveling about seeking a remedy. In

Chicago, while waiting to change cars, she had come upon my name in the directory and had copied my address. Thelma had become the wife of some wealthy real estate man in Mt. Carmel, Ill., and they had built a delightful home there. A bit of news that interested me was in regard to Harriet Stewart. She had worked up a large class in Mt. Carmel, and was giving music lessons with unusual success. Doesn't that bring to your mind how well and how willingly Harriet always used to play for us girls whenever we asked her I truly believe Harriet was respected by every one in the class.

Lusyl dear, are you still alive? I'll wager you didn't read this all at one sitting. I have really enjoyed writing this down for it brings it all back so vividly to my mind. I only wish you could have been with me to enjoy it to.

Give my love to Elvada. I was "tickled to pieces" to hear that she had attained that which she had so long desired—to study her music abroad. She is doubly blest by having your companionship all the time. Now, honey, I'm not flattering you.

I am hoping to see you on this side of the water soon, that is if I interpreted Le Roy's actions correctly, and I don't believe I'm mistaken.

Do write soon and let me know how dear Elvada Tessman and your dear self are getting along.

Lovingly yours,

AMINE BRAUNS.

CLASS ALPHABET

A

stands for Austin, our class president.
Adolfs, and Allen, athletically bent.

B

stands for Buck, Bell, Brauns, and Brothers;
Baumgartner, Bryant, and Bowers are others.

C

is for Chapman, Coombs, and Cooper too.
We don't know what Garfield without them would do.

D

is for Davis, Decker, and Dowell.
If they should withdraw we'd raise a big howl.

E

stands for Everyone who here is enrolled,
Whose work in our school is too great to be told.

F

stands for Football, Farmer, Fortune, and Frey.
Failing is less athletic but we can't pass him by.

G

is for Gillespie and Garfield as well.
Our regard for both would be quite hard to tell.

H

is for Hasbrouck, and Heth, and Holler.
Each works very hard for the almighty dollar.

I

stands for Ignatz and he wants to know
Who founded the yell, "Yea, Garfield, let's go!"

J

stands for Jeffers and Jolly and Jest.
Of our many sweet girls, she is one of the best.

CLASS ALPHABET—Continued

K
is for Kisner, Kalen, and Knapp;
For all their past troubles they don't care a rap.

L
is for Ladies, Lovers, and Luck.
This combination requires lots of pluck.

M
stands for McKee, McCormick, and Mark.
There's none of this trio but's out for a lark.

N
stands for Nehf, a handsome young dame,
Who roots very hard when Pat's in the game.

O
is for Owens, Osting, and Orth.
All dwell in town except John, who lives north.

P
is for Penna and likewise for Payton.
They both look all right but are still mean as Satan.

Q
stands for Questions, and Qui, Quae, Quod.
When it comes to Latin, we've been over the road.

R
stands for Ransford, Rockwood, and Roscoe.
They will leave Garfield High like the French left Moscow.

S
stands for Stimson, Southard, and Strong;
Skene, Stoner and Stuart in here belong.
Shannon, Schuhardt, and Sullivan start with an S;
T. Smith, C. Smith, and Searing, I guess.

T
is for Templeton, Tessman, and Tenbrook,
And Tracy is best to come in at this nook.

U
stands for Us, the '14 class.
'Tis sad to relate, that all good things must pass.

CLASS ALPHABET—Continued

V

for VanBuren, a tall, stately chap,
Whose face is like Ireland as seen on the map.

W

stands for Wildermuth, Ward, Warner, and Wood.
Their intentions are fine but they just can't be good.

X

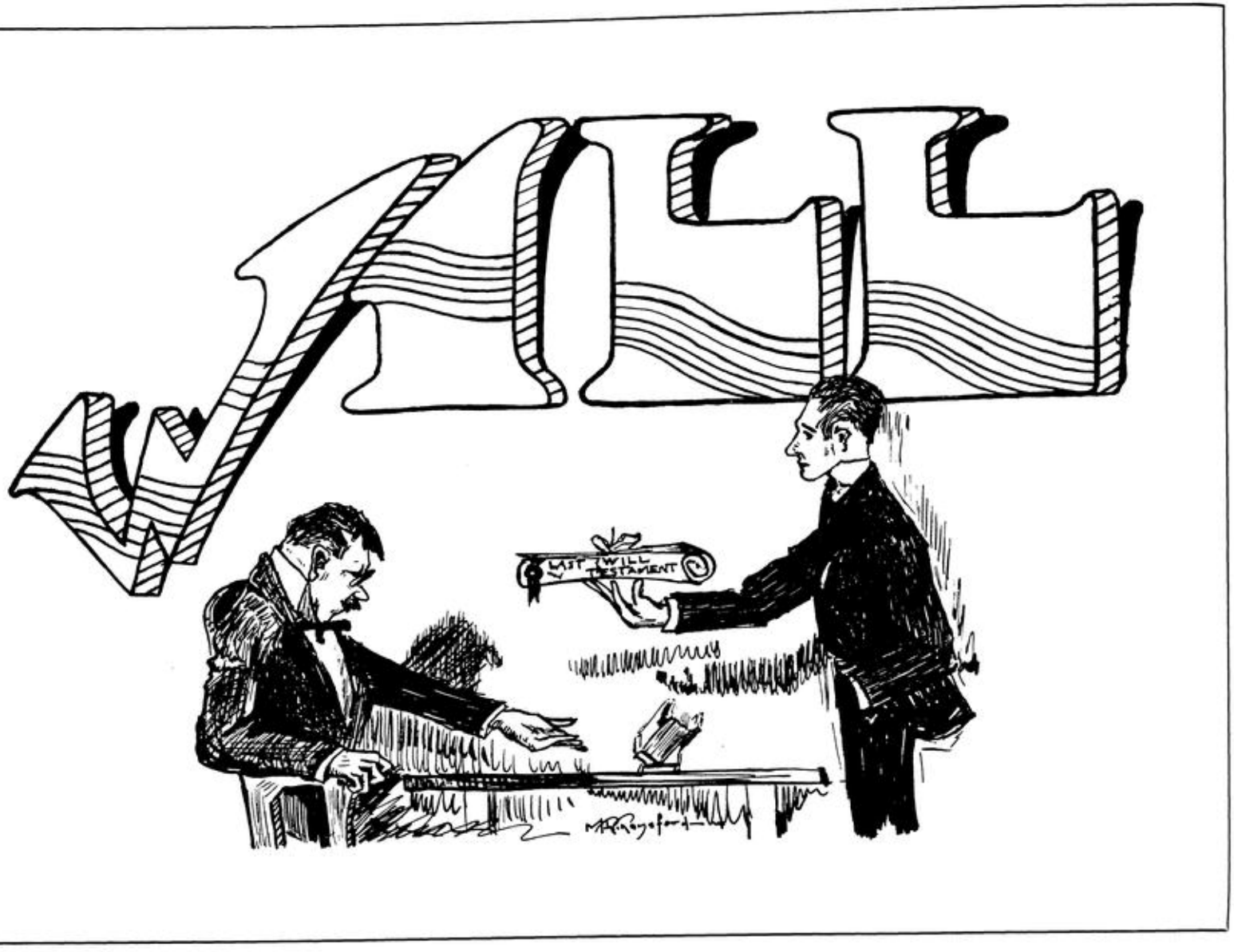
is the value of a quantity unknown,
As our textbooks in algebra have already shown.

Y

is for Yatsko, called "Shatsky" for short.
A jolly, good fellow, never shirking his part.

Z

is for Zeal which all Seniors have.
The authors of this can sure spread the salve.


WILL
LAST WILL TESTAMENT

CLASS WILL

We, the 1914 class of Garfield High School, feeling that our life in the aforesaid school is drawing to a happy end, do, in the presence of the undersigned witnesses, present our last will and testament.

1. To the lowly Juniors we do hereby bequeath our treasured seats in room 18 (and other adjoining cells). Also, we do hereby bequeath our hearty sympathy and encouragement to the Benedictus staff of 1915. (The members of the present staff will and bequeath all paraphernalia, past experience, and willing advice to the aforesaid 1915 Benedictus staff.)

2. We will and bequeath to Garfield and to the rest of the world the 1914 Benedictus.

3. To our little brothers and sisters, our second-hand books.

4. To the future Benedictus staff, the engravings of the faculty which were so hard to secure.

5. To Manager Hylton, reduced rates on both telephone long distance services, and a railroad and traction company time card.

6. To Mr. E. Bernard Clogston, a biography of Fielding (hurry up) Yost.

7. To Mr. S. Ralph Powers, a barrel of C. H_2O.

8. To T. W. Records, a bottle of hair restorer.

9. To Miss Hazel Hathaway, a pair of brand new tango slippers.

10. To Mr. James E. Ewers, a patent on his bicycle.

11. To Miss Adele Schwedes, her naturalization papers.

12. To Wilber Johnonson, a bottle of dye to take the yellow streak out of his back.

13. To Frank Nitterhouse, a new hat.

14. To Deedle Minnick, a box of white collars.

15. To Pauline Reichert, Cleopatra's address so that she can send for her recipe for a beauty compound.

16. To Bill Gammon, a dog kennel.

17. To "Betsy" Rhoades, two cow hides and half a carload of tacks to make a pair of shoes.

18. To "Chick" Newland, a new "steady."

19. To Helen Larson, three more credits.

20. To Jerome Farmer, George's old football togs.

21. To "Banger" Krietenstein, a tailor who doesn't lose his temper every time Carl brings his trousers back for the addition of an extra foot.

22. To Ruby White, another little soldier boy from Oklahoma.

23. To Verna Cook, a watch dog to protect her from the foragings of the squirrels.

24. To Lee Brinton a street car ticket book and a year's subscription to the "Morning Star."

25. To Hale Knapp, a bottle of liniment.

26. To "Beans" Dilly, a bottle of salve to continue his spreading.

27. To "Hank" West, Zeke's job as center on the football team.

28. To Frank Throope, a Prince Albert coat.

29. To John Perkins, a pie to feed "Irish" Larson.

30. To Davy Jones, a special correspondence course with Cynthia Grey.

31. To Marie Levering, a little speed in dancing.

32. To Nellie Adolfs, Paulina's old name of "Oscar."

33. To Bob Bayles, Ralph V. Austin's executive gavel.

34. To Miss Lewis, a gross of middies.

35. To the drill team, fly swatters.

CLASS HISTORY

As I lay dreaming on the hearth rug before the comfortable fire last evening, my thoughts wandered back four years. I saw a crowd of timid, fearful Freshies grouped together in the hall of Wiley High School. I distinguished the faces of most of the members of the Garfield '14 class. After looking on at the gayeties of the upper classmen for an age (as it seemed to us). We were taken in charge by a teacher; and, before the day had come to a close, had lost most of our fear and strange feeling. The long-remembered first day at high school—who could forget it?

The same crowd of boys and girls were again gathered in room 21, but not with such fearful expressions upon their faces. You, Seniors, probably all remember that first class meeting and its purpose—organization of the class and election of officers. Nominations were taken and the votes counted, the returns being: Mayer Levin, president; Sarah Edgington, vice-president; Chester Smith, treasurer, and Jane Goldsmith, secretary.

In a succession, there appears in the flickering lights of the fire, the several parties and picnics that were given during the year by the illustrious '14 class. In the first picture there could be seen most of the members of the class assembled in the Wiley hall, talking, laughing, and getting acquainted, for that was the sole purpose of this party, given by the boys. After another enjoyable party planned by the girls, came a picnic at Forest Park with the good times, good "eats," boat rides, and everything which is included in a picnic at that favorite resort.

In the following September the class had diminished somewhat, for quite a few of the pupils did not resume their high school work the second year. Nevertheless, it was the same old '14 class with its "up and doing" members. Again, election of officers was held and this time our ever-ready Ralph Austin was elected presi-

dent for the first time. Helen Nehf was elected vice-president; Chester Smith, re-elected treasurer, and Hazel Southard, secretary. Parties were again given this year, for the majority of the class was always ready for a good time. One party given by the boys was especially amusing, it being an imitation of a night at Coney Island with a separate room devoted to each "show." Again, in June, a merry band of picnickers could be seen traveling along the Lafayette road in a moving van (slow, but sure) toward the ideal spot for picnics, Forest Park.

Now came the separating time and the beginning of true Garfield '14 class. About sixty-five of the Wiley '14 class entered the newly-built school (Garfield), the remainder staying at Wiley. The building was far from completion and owing to this fact, no social functions were planned until later. Although a party at this time was impossible, election of officers was held. Ralph V. Austin was re-elected president; Lusyl Penna, vice-president; Paul Stoner, treasurer, and Evelyn Davis, secretary. The Juniors, having had no parties or dances as yet, gave a dance at the beginning of the January term.

Along in the first weeks of April, Ralph V. and the other members of the class as well began worrying over the problem of a Junior reception. We all wished to make it as lovely as possible and we had no money to carry out our plans. After a great deal of consideration, it was decided to give a play. On the night of May 16, "The College Ball" came off with great success, owing to the aid and advice of Miss Lahey, Miss Ryan, and Miss Havens, who directed the play, the perseverance of the entire cast, the help of our principal, Mr. Highley, and last but not least the co-operation and support of the class. The '14's were again united in making the reception something not to be forgotten. The lower hall was a bower of green foliage sheltering little cozy corners here and there. The second floor was used for serving the refreshments. For those who did not dance, a short musical program was given. Another custom was also "started" this year: the Juniors decorated the auditorium for the Seniors on commencement night.

Shortly after the opening of school in September, 1913, officers were elected as usual. Ralph

V. Austin was elected president for the third term; "Vada" Tessman for vice-president; John Ward, treasurer, and Bonnie Bryant, secretary. In order to get down to business and discuss the things to be accomplished in the Senior year, a peanut social was held one evening after school. It was talked over and voted upon to endeavor to put out an annual. Then officers of the "Benedictus" staff were elected. Since some ready money was needed for the publication of this book, it was decided to repeat "The College Ball." Quite a goodly sum was cleared off of the play this time, allowing for the fact that it was the second performance.

Mr. Highley, our well-liked principal of the Junior year, who had gone to Marion, Ind., returned for the Arbor Day exercises to make a short visit with the school. His train was scheduled to be due at 8 the night before Arbor Day. The Seniors, planning a reception in honor were at the building at the appointed hour, but where was Mr. Highley? Well, he was traveling as fast as the train would carry him, but the said train was two or three hours late. Mr. Records, thinking we would lose too much sleep to get back to school the following day, sent us home without seeing our guest.

As is the custom, the Seniors enjoyed a Christmas tree and many appropriate gifts on December 24. The laughable presents were given out at 10:30, a luncheon was served at noon, and the remainder of the day was spent in dancing. A farewell party to the January graduates was participated in by most of the class at the beginning of the new term.

This, which I am about to tell, doesn't concern the boys much, but nevertheless, it is an important factor of the history to the girls. The Senior girls organized a club, calling themselves the "Fad" Club. Its purpose was to become better acquainted and talk over school affairs. Amine Brauns was elected president of "The Fads"; Lusyl Penna, vice-president, and "Peg" McCormick, secretary and treasurer. Club meetings were held every other Thursday night at the school and a jolly good time was had at each meeting with some new "fad" for amusement.

The '14 class seems to have a mania for "starting" things. This being the first attempt of any high school in Terre Haute to put out an annual,

it is desired to make it as good and interesting as possible. The "Benedictus" is not perfect by any sort of means, but the best efforts of the staff and class were put forth in making it what it is. If it serves no other purpose save one, it will certainly do that one and do it well. On reading the "Benedictus" in later years it will bring back memories of dear old G. H. S. and the happy times spent within its walls.

THE CLASS POEM

There's a proud and powerful people,
  Who dwell on a broad plateau,
Whose tribes are fierce and war-like
  Toward the men of the vales below.

And they call this people "Learning"
  That's charmed and bewildered man
With dread and with dire appearance
  Since the flight of years began.

For their men are strong and mighty,
  With great and with manly trust;
With prowess and with spirit,
  And with swords that are keen to thrust.

Once a tribe of Learning's people
  Forced us of the Garfield clan
To meet upon our meadows,
  And to fight them, man to man.

'Twas the tribe of High School Studies
  And valiant men were they;
But we fought the fight to a finish,
  Nor lost we a man in the play!

There was brave and brawny Latin,
  His sons were with him in a row—
The small but stubborn Virgil,
  Bold Caesar and old Cicero.

There was mighty Mathematics
  Who lead to the frenzied fray
His Trig and Geometry
  And his eldest, the Algebra.

There was corpulent old German,
  Who wheezed and puffed as he fought;
Who cared not a fig for the battle,
  Nor the pain his own wounds brought.

There was proud and pompous English
And haughty Chemistry Lab,
Who fought with cruel explosives
Like an angry man gone mad.

There was hasty and headstrong History
Who seemed, every foe to hate;
Who gave deep wounds with missile
Which they call the History date.

There are many of the Studies
Whom we shall not recall,
But let it suffice to mention
That we met and conquered them all!

Then we seized their fertile meadows
And fields in the broad plateau;
And left for happier dwellings,
Our homes in the vale below.

But across our rushing river
We see a more fertile land
With flocks and with herds of cattle,
And with plenty on every hand.

So we'll fight with might and courage,
From which we will ne'er refrain
Till we've won the spots most pleasant
On Learning's wide-spreading plain.

—ETHEL A. TENBROOK.

[redacted]

CHARLES MATHIEU

BORN APRIL 1, 1896 DIED NOVEMBER 12, 1913

EVA RUMBLEY

BORN JANUARY 8, 1885 DIED FEBRUARY 28, 1914

[redacted]

Athletics

OUR CAPTAINS

FOOTBALL '13

Garfield's football team enjoyed a very successful season during the '13 campaign. Although the team was composed of warriors not very weighty according to avoirdupois mensuration, these faithful "pigskin chasers" outplayed, outgeneraled, and outclassed all their opponents, winning three battles and losing two. The team played a dashing, plunging, tragic game, using trick formations and the forward pass to perfection. This was especially notable in the Evansville encounter, in which our boys dazzled the gigantic down-state team by their tricks, passes and open plays.

The success of our boys was due to their fighting spirit, team work, and speed. Each fellow fought like a tiger, in mud ankle deep or in rain, for the glory of G. H. S. This success caused the students to be very enthusiastic at the team's record. Below is the record:

Garfield	97	Marshall	0
"	13	Coalmont	3
"	7	Bloomingdale	21
"	6	Brazil	0
"	9	Evansville	15
	132		39

Lineup.

Capt. Shannon	Center	Buck	End
Newland	Guard	Oxford	End
Yatsko	Guard	Gammon	End
Frey	Tackle	Farmer	Fullback
Nitterhouse	Tackle	Kalen	Halfback
Fortune	Tackle	Tingley	Halfback
Minnick	Tackle	Hicklin	Quarterback

BASKETBALL, 1913-1914

The basketball team blossomed forth like a morning glory in the second year of this progressive school. Our northenders met all of the first quintets in this district and put a sting of defeat upon each and every one of them. The boys of the purple and white lost but two games the entire season, both these on foreign floors. But they made up for these by overwhelming their visitors on their appearance at the Garfield gym. As a representative of Terre Haute, the team finished best.

The speed, endurance, machine-like team work, short, quick, passing, and the ability of the players to cage the sphere proved too great an obstacle to the opponents of Garfield.

The only disappointment of the season was the failure at the very last, of the team being allowed to participate in the state meet at Bloomington. But in some future year, perhaps, the title of "State Champions" will result from efforts as were put forth by the players this year.

Below is the record:

Garfield	27	Brazil	20
"	24	Normal	22
"	30	Normal	15
"	41	Sullivan	20
"	27	Clinton	21
"	11	Clinton	30
"	34	Sullivan	15
"	17	Rockville	28
"	18	Rockville	12
"	21	Brazil	19

Captain Allen	Forward
Floyd	Forward
Gammon	Forward
Burns	Forward
Oxford	Forward
Frey	Center
Buck	Guard
Rhoades	Guard
Yatsko	Guard
Tingley	Guard
McKee	Guard

GIRLS' BASKETBALL, 1913-1914

A girls' team—the equal of any in the state, not excluding any university, college or high school—also was a representative of Garfield. The girls proved even more unbeatable than the boys, for they had the distinction of going through the entire campaign without suffering a defeat. At no time during any game was the team in any serious difficulty of danger of defeat.

Garfield	72	West Terre Haute	3
"	49	Rockville	10
"	21	Clay City	5
"	6	Normal Independ'ts.	2
"	22	Rockville	8
"	32	DePauw Freshmen	11
"	13	DePauw Freshmen	3

Captain Zazel Wheeler ..... Center
Margaret Boofter ..... Center
Helen Nehf ..... Forward
Virginia Hathaway ..... Forward
Ruth Franke ..... Forward
Edith Lawson ..... Forward
Mae Andrews ..... Guard
Floy Zerwick ..... Guard
Thurza Jones ..... Guard
Gertrude Sizemore ..... Guard

TRACK, 1913

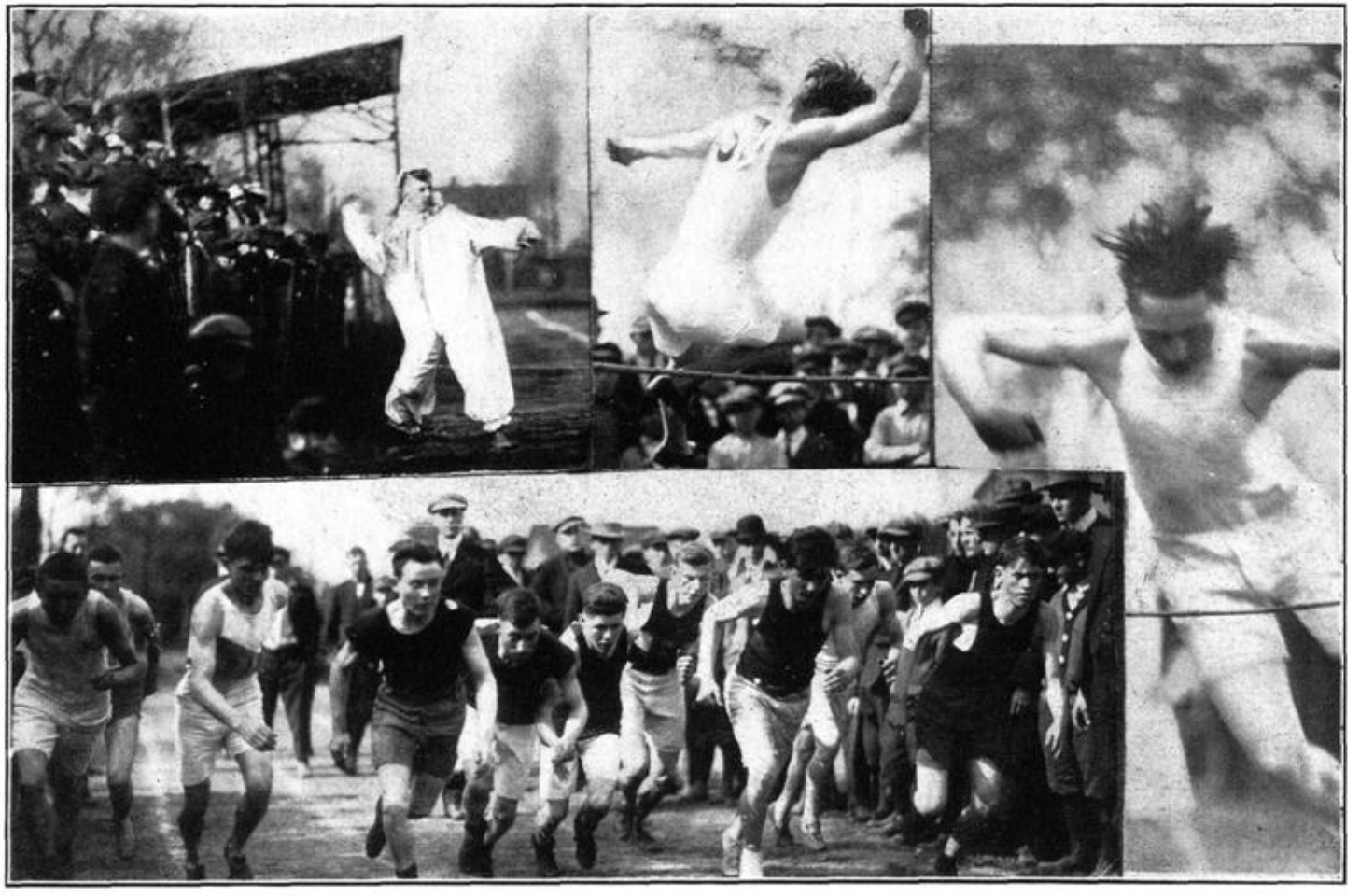
After two failures in athletics, as far as victories are concerned, the track team put Garfield upon the state athletic map. The team surprised even its most ardent enthusiasts by its superb and superior work on the cinder path and athletic field. Although each fellow deserves the honor, the brilliant work of Captain Smith, Frey, and McKee stand out as unsurpassable.

The team participated in but two meets, one at Brazil and one at Rose Campus. Brazil outclassed our boys there, but we redeemed ourselves by capturing the prizes of the Pentangular meet at Rose. In this contest the trailing teams were the Brazil, Sullivan, Clinton and Wiley High schools. Below is the record:

Brazil, 62; Garfield, 46.

Rose Meet.

Garfield	28
Brazil	25
Sullivan	25
Clinton	18
Wiley	11
Captain Smith	Sprints
Evans	Sprints
Frey	Hurdles and Jumps
Mark	Hurdles and Jumps
O'Neil	Hurdles and Jumps
T. Murphy	Distance
G. Murphy	Distance
Krockenburger	Distance
Minnick	Weights
Floyd	Weights
Nitterhouse	Weights
Newland	Weights
McKee	Pole Vault
Fortune	Pole Vault



Ki—Ki Ki—Ki Kaflipity bin
Come out of the woods—
Sandpaper your chin;
We're wild; we're wooley.
We're rough like a saw:
Garfield High School,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hit—I'm—hard,
Hit—E'm—low
Yea—Garfield,
Let's—Go.

When you're up, you're up;
When you're down, you're down;
When you're up against G.
You're upside down,
Yea, Garfield.

Yea—Garfield;
Yea—Garfield;
G-a-r-f-i-e-l-d—
Garfield.

Strawberry shortcake,
Huckleberry pie,
V-i-c-o-r-y
Will we win.
Well I guess.
Garfield High School:
Yes—Yes—Yes.

Boom—Jigger—Boom,
Boom—Jigger—Boom,
Boom—Jigger—Rigger—Jigger—
Rigger—Jigger—Boom;
Mispotamia—Sis—Boom—Bah.
Garfield High School,
Rah—Rah—Rah.

WEARERS OF THE "G"

Football.

Ralph Buck, 2.
Raymond Shannon, 2.
William Tingley, 1.
Herman Frey, 2.
George Farmer, 2.
Robert Hicklin, 2.
Willard Gammon, 1.
Pearl Oxford, 1.
Frank Nitterhouse, 2.
Milo Fortune, 1.
Andrew Yatsko, 1.
Chester Newland, 1.
Earl Minnick, 2.
Dudley Kalen, 2.
Albert Church, 1.
Donald Welch, 1.
Milton Denny, 1.
Jesse Waller, 1.

Basket Ball—Boys.

Herman Frey, 2.
LeRoy Allen, 2.
Milton Denny, 1.
Ralph Buck, 1.
Owen Floyd, 1.
Paul Rhoades, 1.
Willard Gammon, 1.
Andrew Yatsko, 1.
William Tingley, 1.

Track.

Chester Smith, 1.
Herman Frey, 1.
Chauncey McKee, 1.
Roscoe Evans, 1.
George Mark, 1.
Earl Minnick, 1.
George Murphy, 1.

Basketball—Girls.

Virginia Hathaway, 2.
Zazel Wheeler, 2.
Mae Andrews, 2.
Ruth Franke, 1.
Edith Lawson, 1.
Helen Nehf, 1.
Floy Zerwick, 1.
Gertrude Sizemore, 1.
Margaret Boofter, 1.

Organizations

ORCHESTRA

When school was first opened at Garfield, the musical talent of the school was collected and organized into an orchestra, under the leadership of Miss Lucy Arthur.

The next year (1913-14) the orchestra was organized under the leadership of Chester Smith and Arthur Wildermuth. Our orchestra furnishes music at all mass meetings in the auditorium and for all class plays or concerts.

The members are Earl Southard, LeRoy Lanman, Harry Bierbaum, Arthur Erwin, Markin Miller, Herman Frey, Chester Smith, leader; Boyd Gaugh, Ralph Buck, Mae Andrews, Louise Schuberth, Elvada Tessman, Katherine Brewer, Arthur Wildermuth, president; Arthur Worman.

ENGLISH CHORUS

In the fall of 1912, the opening of the first term at Garfield, an English chorus was organized, under the auspices of Miss Lucy Arthur. Many students took advantage of this course offered them—some because of the love of music, while others took it to learn more of music and also earn the credit given them for the term's work. The chorus of the first school year sang at several mass meetings—but singing wasn't all, for there were many technicalities to be learned. The next school year another chorus, under Mr. C. F. Fidlar's direction, was started with a few of the old members rejoining. Much advancement has been made and the chorus has been commended for their good work. The chorus, with the aid of Mr. Fidlar and the Garfield High School orchestra, gave a concert, which proved to be a brilliant success, and it is said that they intend to aid the Rose Poly Glee Club in a concert, which is to be held at Garfield.

GERMAN CHORUS

Another one of our organizations is the German chorus. It was formed when the first term was half way over. Many German students attend the chorus, which meets every Friday morning in the school auditorium, realizing its benefit in aiding them to become more familiar with the language, the German people and their customs. Although it got a late start, it isn't so very far behind and is working hard to make good, under the influence of Miss Minnie Lammers, their leader. It is now planning to give a genuine German entertainment in the future, of which we feel confident that it will make a success.

THE GARFIELD CADETS

The Garfield Cadets were organized at the beginning of the 1913-14 school year, under the directions of Col. E. R. Beauchamp and Prof. T. W. Records. At the first meeting held in the gymnasium about forty fellows were present and the election of the required officers was held. The following men were chosen for the offices after a hotly contested election: William Tingley, captain; Bert Pedigo, first lieutenant; Ralph Buck, second lieutenant; Paul Rhoads, first sergeant; Chester Newland, second sergeant; Howard Bell, third sergeant; Charles Dilley, fourth sergeant, and Robert Bayles, fifth sergeant.

On alternate Tuesday evenings drill practice was held at the building until the rudiments of military tactics were gotten well in mind. After several meetings samples of cloth were shown, and suits of olive drab color were chosen. Between twenty-five and thirty suits and rifles were ordered and a play was given to help the boys pay for them.

The company turned out in full dress uniform for the first time in public on Decoration Day, and proved a big success. During the Knights of Pythias encampment, which will be held in Terre Haute in July, the Garfield Cadets will take an active part. They will also take part in several other drilling contests during the summer.

DEBATING SOCIETY

"The purpose of this society shall be to give its members practice in public speaking in dedating, and in parliamentary law; to give information on modern, political and civic questions, and to advance the best interests of the school."

Thus begins the constitution adopted, January 11, 1914, by fifteen of the leading boys of Garfield for the Garfield Debating Society. Since that time five new members have had their application favorably voted on by the organization. Many interesting debates have taken place in which have been discussed such questions as, "Municipal Government for Cities," "The Recall," "The Short Ballot," and "New Constitution for Indiana."

The society has allied itself with the State High School Discussion League. Howard Bell was chosen as local representative and he also represented Vigo County in the Fifth District contest that was held in Terre Haute, May 15.

Various faculty members and professional men have visited the society and have acted as critics and judges. All have commended the high standard of work and attitude of the members and have expressed confidence in the future of the organization. Let us, too, have faith that the true Garfield spirit will continue to furnish an equally loyal and dependable group of fellows to carry on the work as those who have so well begun it.

DEBATING SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP

John Strong,
Harvey Clark,
Raymond Shannon,
Thomas Murphy,
John Ward,
George Owens,
Paul Rhoades,
Dane Cox,
Donald Price,
Frank Throop
George Murphy,
Paul Loser,
Robert Bayles,
Frederick Cooper,
Caddie Davidson,
Mr. L. V. Brinton,
Harold Flesher,
Howard Bell,
Elmer Van Buren,
George Skene.

A. C. L.

The letters "A. C. L." stands for "Anti Cigarette League," and also for "A Clean Life."

The Anti-Cigarette League is a nation wide movement. The local league, however, was not organized until December 17, 1913. The following officers were elected: President, Raymond Shannon; Secretary, Robert Bayles; Treasurer, Earl Minnick.

Our total membership is sixty-three. Each member signed the A. C. L. pledge and wears the A. C. L. button. Most of the boys, prominent in athletics, have signed the pledge. This popularizes the movement and also makes a great showing in the playing ability of our athletics.

A person must live a clean life to be a good athlete. The A. C. L. exists for the sole purpose of giving physical, mental, and moral development to its members. We are glad to say that the A. C. L. has become popular, and promises to be a permanent organization at Garfield High School.

F. A. D.

To keep up the reputation of "doing things" which our illustrious class has made for itself, the Senior girls organized a club, the expressed purpose of which was twofold, the first being to settle those many little feminine questions which always arise regarding Commencement, the other being to become better acquainted and have a jolly time. The name chosen for the club was F. A. D., the meaning of which still puzzles the curious gentlemen of the class; and the officers elected were: Amine Brauns, president; Lusyl Penna, vice-president; Margaret McCormick, secretary-treasurer.

Many good times have been participated in by the members of the F. A. D., such as taffy-pulls, little girls' parties, and the like; but the crowning success was the party and dance given for the Senior boys of Garfield and the Senior class of Wiley, May 15.

The club members have entered enthusiastically into both the work and the good-times of the club and, contrary to the opinion generally entertained by the "stronger sex," the twenty-five members have worked and played peacefully together with no hair pulling or petty jealousies, whatsoever. It is hoped by all the F. A. D.'s that this organization will continue in some form even after our High School days are over.

THE WALLAH CAMP FIRE

In the autumn of 1912 the Kawii Camp Fire Club, which was composed of Wiley girls, was divided into three clubs, the Sammoset, the Alumni Club, which still called itself the Kawii, and the Garfield Camp Fire which soon adopted the Indiana name Wallah. Under the guardianship of Miss Georgie Lewis the Wallah was organized and active work was begun in "honor getting." In the spring of 1913 Mrs. Wisely became guardian. During this season a fuller organization was undertaken; the members chose Indian names, the colors (blue and brown) were selected, and the personal symbol (two links) was decided upon. The club gave the "Magazine entertainment" from which enough money was realized to tide over financial affairs until this spring when the play "Every Girl" was rendered. In the meanwhile the organization has grown rapidly. With increased membership new ideas and better methods have been introduced. Among many bright prospects for the future, the club is looking forward especially to camping trip this coming vacation. The public is being convinced that the Camp Fire Girls are in earnest when they sing, "Wo-He-Ho for Aye!"

THE GARFIELD REVIEW

George Skene ..... Editor-in-Chief
Cuddie Davidson ..... Bus. Manager
Jacob Maehling ..... Asst. Bus. Mgr.
Leslie Bain ..... Asst. Editor

Class Reporters.

Leroy Allen ..... Senior
Harriet Hubbard ..... Junior
Mae Andrews ..... Sophomore
Geraldine Forman ..... Freshman

Earl Minnick, Guy Gettings ..... Wit and Humor
Robert Bayles ..... Locals
Miss Hill, Mr. Records ..... Faculty Supervisors
Maurice Ransford ..... Art
Amine Brauns ..... Literary
Henry West ..... Boys, Athletics
Virginia Hathaway ..... Girls, Athletics
Ethel TenBrook ..... Camp Fire

THE GARFIELD REVIEW

VOLUME 1 TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA NUMBER 6

GARFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

APRIL-MAY, 1914

PRICE 10 CENTS THE COPY

G. H. S. A. A.

OFFICERS.

President—Herman Frey

Vice-President—Walter LeForge.

Treasurer—Willard Gammon.

Secretary—Virginia Hathaway.

BOARD OF CONTROL.

Seniors.

Raymond Shannon
LeRoy Allen
Helen Nehf

Juniors.

Paul Rhoades
Inez Burk

Sophomore.

Robert Hicklin

Faculty.

Edward E. Hylton

L. O. O. B.

¶ BY THIS SIGN YE SHALL KNOW THEM

STATISTICS

First dirt turned for foundation April 10, 1910.
Corner Stone laid by School Trustees in 1911.
Building finished September, 1913.
Building contains 44 rooms.
Building contains two gymnasiums.
Building contains one auditorium.
John Perkins will be 15 years old May 26, 1914.
26 rooms are used for school work proper.
Flag pole is 85 feet high.
Campus covers 4 acres.
Total students enrolled last year 508.
Total students enrolled this year, 562.
25 members in faculty.
1 Registrar.
2 Janitors.
1 Fireman.
Charles DePugh weighs 229.
62 Seniors.
72 Juniors.
148 Sophomores.
278 Freshmen.
16 different courses of study offered.
Building is heated by "Direct-Indirect" system.
Auditorium seats 550 people.
Have you seen pages 128 and 132 yet?

Sarah Newland	Terre Haute	At home.
Ethel O'Haver	Terre Haute	Normal student.
Martha Parr	Terre Haute	Normal student.
Grace Pickett	Terre Haute	At home.
Clara Ray	Terre Haute	Normal student.
Ethel Ray	Terre Haute	Normal student.
John Redman	Terre Haute	Law office.
Eva Roman	Terre Haute	Married.
Iris Senour	Vigo County	Teaching school.
Roy Smyres	Terre Haute	Vandalia R. R. Co.
Vida Thompson	Terre Haute	Normal student.
Mary Thorpe	Terre Haute	Commercial student.
Glenn Venosdale	Terre Haute	Powers Cleaning Co.
Donald Warbritton	Terre Haute	Carrier R. F. D.
Winifred Warner	Terre Haute	Normal student.
Catherine Wisley	Terre Haute	Normal student.
Amy Woodruff	Terre Haute	At home.
Rose Woody	Terre Haute	Normal student.

C. I. Brown, Principal
116 S. Sixth St.
Both Phones

BROWN'S
BUSINESS COLLEGE

PRACTICAL COURSES IN

Bookkeeping

Stenotypy

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SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1914
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OFFICE HOURS:
8:00 TO 12:00—1:00 TO 5:30

ROOMS 206-207
TERRE HAUTE TRUST BUILDING
SEVENTH AND WABASH AVE.

During football season thrones were built in all the large session rooms. Two of the football players thinking that the royal appearance was not quite complete, tacked a golden crown over the throne in room 18. This crown also occupies a place in the Museum.

DR. JAMES MORRISON
OSTEOPATH

GRADUATE OF THE
KIRKSVILLE, MO. SCHOOL

ROOMS 205-206
TERRE HAUTE TRUST BUILDING
SEVENTH AND WABASH AVE.

THIS STORE IS THE HOME OF
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FINE CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

EMERSON AND STETSON SHOES, NOVELTY
HATS, CAPS AND FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

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WAFFLES
FOR BREAKFAST

MADE FROM
SPARKS
SELF-RISING FLOUR

KEEP THE BOYS AT THE TABLE UNTIL
THE BATTER IS GONE
AT ALL GROCERS - CARTONS ONLY 25 CENTS

Soon after the flag pole was erected, a few Loyal Senior boys initiated it to a good cause. A "silken" banner bearing the figures '14 was hoisted to the top and fastened securely. The doers of the deed managed to miss several recitations to undo their mischief. Many scraps are now coveted souvenirs in the possession of the Seniors and a large "hunk" occupies a prominent place in the Garfield Museum.

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Furniture, Rugs, Carpets, Linoleum, Stoves
Wall Paper, Glass and Paints

We are handling PELEGEE-GAUBERT PAINTS, and guarantee same to last as long as any other paint made. Outside paint guaranteed for five years.

WE SELL ON INSTALLMENTS AND WILL MAKE PAYMENTS TO SUIT YOU

BRING US YOUR WANTS

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CORNER EIGHTH AND MAPLE AVENUE, TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

The Right Store The Right Price The Right Goods

Drink SANTE WATER and keep well during spring and summer months. SOLE AGENTS

At the first meeting of the "Fad" club, the Senior girls went against directions and broke into the kitchen about 8:00 o'clock one evening. Miss Locke, who had forbidden the girls from cooking their taffy and fudge in the kitchen was greatly surprised when she discovered about a week later, a tiny piece of fudge on one of the tables. The girls are not spiteful as a rule, but this one time the temptation was too great for them.

Kodak Supplies Base Ball Goods

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PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

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PURE ICE CREAM

SUNDAES AND SODAS

WILLIAM SCHONEFELD

GREAT NORTHERN PHARMACY

7TH AND BIG 4 R. R.

The morning after the benefit basket-ball game at Garfield, Mr. Hylton came to school with a black eye. For courtesy's sake we will say he got it during the game.

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OF BUILDING MATERIAL

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FOR THE BEST
ICE CREAM

Young man (over the counter)—"If I should want to exchange this engagement ring for something else, it will be all right, won't it?"

Jeweler—"Oh, certainly, with pleasure. We are always glad to accommodate our patrons."

Same Young Man (over the counter, one year later)—"I believe you told me when I bought this ring I could exchange it for something else."

Jeweler—"Yes. What will you have."

Young Man—"Well, I'd like to exchange it for a barrel of flour, a bushel of potatoes, a ham and a load of coal."

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MADE IN TERRE HAUTE

MANUFACTURED BY
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At the close of the season, both boys and girls of the basket-ball teams, who worked loyally to put Garfield at the top, enjoyed a swell turkey feed given in their honor by the Athletic Association. Everything went off nicely except that "Sam" McKee and "Slivers" Floyd had to be "called down" several times for undue disturbances.

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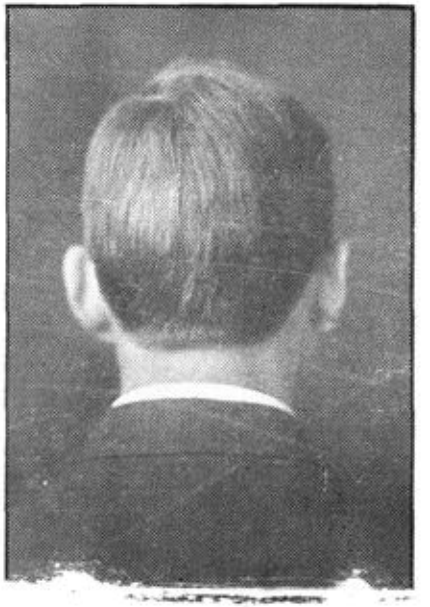
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

I saw a man fall off of hundred foot ladder without hurtting hisself—he fell off the first round.

I will sing you a little song entitled "A lump of Butter," No, that was rendered last night.

MEET ME FACE TO FACE AT MY CUT-RATE

Bicycle Store



Everything for Bicycles at reduced prices. I vulcanize bicycle tires. First class shoe repairing, work called for and delivered. Telephone 532-R.

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"Of course, I want my daughter to have some kind of artistic education. I think I'll let her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?"

"Art spoils canvas and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

Mr. Powers is not an old man nor has he a bald head, but nevertheless he wore a skull cap to school one day. After this Mr. Powers will gladly give the autos the right of way and stick close to the curbing with his bicycle.

A woman is never too old to get married—if she has got money.

The waitress in the restaurants are waiting to get married. Let them wait.

My girl is crazy for me.
She must be crazy if she wants you.

"Do you enjoy good health, Mr. Testy?" asked McQueary.

"Yes, when I get any," snapped the old dyspeptic.

Your Doctor is a Graduate in Medicine. Why Not Have Graduate Pharmacists Fill Your Prescriptions

Harold Crooks

Pharmaceutical Chemists

Graduate Purdue University

TENTH AND LAFAYETTE AVENUE

New Phone 2456 — Old Phone 425

I am fond of electricity.

Oh, yes, the grocer told me you liked to have everything charged.

At our house we use electricity for heating and cooking, and we even have an electric fan.

If you keep on you will have an electric chair.

New Phone 1621 Old Phone 722

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Soda Water

QUICK DELIVERY SERVICE

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Corner Maple and Lafayette Avenues

"Lie still there, and I won't hurt you. All I want is your money and your jewels, and them I'll get."

"All right, old man, and while you're searching for the jewels if you run across my dress-shirt studs I wish you'd put them out on the dresser. I have not been able to find them for a month."

Do you know I am going to put my money in a watch factory.

Why so?

So the hands won't strike.

He (chestily)—A pretty girl smiled at me on the street today.

His Wife—That's got to stop. The idea of you amusing other women!

An Irishman was sitting in a depot smoking, when a woman came, and sitting down beside him, remarked: "Sir, if you were a gentleman, you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if ye wuz a lady, ye'd sit farther away."

Pretty soon the woman burst out again: "If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum," returned the Irishman, as he puffed away at his pipe, "if you wuz me wife, I'd take it."

"Jerry Smudge sez he's glad that peace is restored and biznus is normal agin in Peru because he'd certainly hate to have to do without his Peru-

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Visit Us After the Dance

Special Line of Fancy Candies and Soft Drinks

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OAK AND HICKORY

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STANDARD WHEEL COMPANY

THIRTEENTH AND PLUM STS.

BOTH PHONES

'Way up in Vermont, Uncle Eph. Kinney was looking over his field of clover when up drove a neighbor.

"Grass is awful short this year, ain't it, Uncle Eph?" he said.

"Short?" cried Uncle Eph. "Why, it's so short the bumblebees hev to git down on their knees to suck the blossoms!"

A boy of 15 timidly entered a barber shop.

"Shave, sir?"

"O, you flatter me. No, only a hair cut."

Twenty years later the same boy entered the same shop and was hailed by the same barber:

"Hair cut, sir?"

"O, you flatter me. No, only a shave.

"You eat very little, Mr. Smith," said the Garfield maiden, to the bashful lover who had been invited to share the family Christmas Dinner.

"Yes," replied he, and for once he saw a chance, and, grasping his courage, he said: "To sit next to you is to lose one's appetite."

Pat—How must do yez weigh, Mike?

Mike—Oi weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

Pat—You must a got weighed with your coat on.

Mike—An' Oi did not. Oi held it in me arms all the time.

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RACYCLE
EXCELSIOR

BICYCLES

DE LUXE MOTOR BIKE
IVER JOHNSON MOTOR BIKE

NORTH SIDE BICYCLE COMPANY
8TH AND LAFAYETTE AVENUE

I was on a street car for a ride. The car was very crowded. There was an Irishman standing up holding to a strap. Every few minutes the conductor would say, "Step forward, please." After a while the Irishman said, "Begad, and I paid a nickel to ride and I am walking all the way home."

The average man's arm is thirty inches long. The average woman's waist is thirty inches round. How wonderful are thy works, O nature.

J. B. NOSLER

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